

# The TATLER

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October 18, 1939



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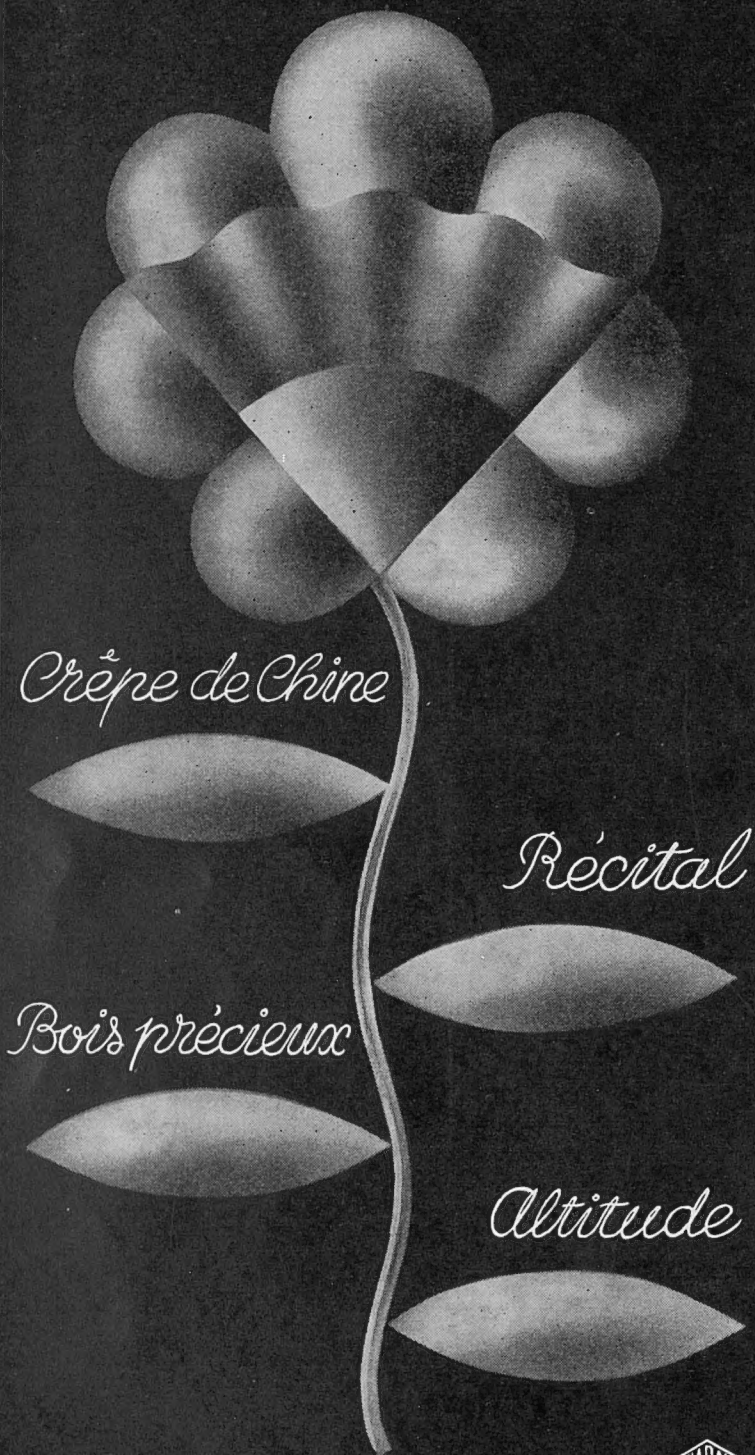
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# The TATTLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 1999. London, October 18, 1939

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## GRACIE—AN INVARIABLE AND INVIGORATING TONIC

"Our Gracie" as she is to millions of people in this country has never been more welcome as a tonic to jaded ears than when last week she made her first broadcast of the war. In a parish hall "somewhere in England" before an audience of soldiers and national service workers she sang for half an hour, not war songs but old favourites to take us away from this conflict, and through the microphone her singing went into the homes of and heartened millions of English men and women. It would perhaps not be irreverent to say that we now have two extra Army Corps on the home front—

Mr. Winston Churchill and Gracie Fields, surely worth that or more



## And the World Said—



Walden Hammond

MR. AND MRS. PATRICK GREY AFTER  
THEIR WARWICKSHIRE WEDDING

The bride, the former Miss Anne Hickman, is not only an M.F.H. herself (West Waterford) but the daughter of a very famous one, the late Brigadier-General Tom Hickman who had such a successful reign in the Albrighton country. Mrs. Hickman has a house at Moreton Morrell in Warwickshire, and it was at the parish church that the wedding was held. Mr. Patrick Grey is the son of the late Sir John Grey and the Lady Grey, of Enville, Worcestershire

"... when Christianity was really true, when peace, year after year, was upon these country places, and when the simple manner of life, its true aim and purport had not as yet been put aside."

LLEWELLYN DAVIS.

THE peace drive has come mainly from the extreme Left; from those communistic intellectuals who, by spreading propaganda in the schools and by fanning bureaucratic extravagance, are preparing the disintegration of home life and of the whole financial set-up. It is worth reading the *Daily Worker* to see where the ship lists. Sympathizers



Jane Haydon

THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND

The Marchioness of Townshend, formerly Miss Elizabeth Luby, daughter of Mr. Justice Luby, who was a judge on the Indian establishment, was married on September 2 and so just escaped being a war bride. The engagement was two years old, but this was known only to intimate friends. Lord Townshend, now on service, has been in a field artillery unit for some time past



LADY MARY GREAVES

Bassano

Now on duty with the Red Cross somewhere in the British Isles. Lady Mary Greaves is the youngest daughter of the Countess of Dysart and Major Owain Greaves, who was formerly in the Blues. Lady Dysart and Major Greaves recently bought Stobo Castle which is in Peeblesshire

of the Third International are dangerous people; brilliantly, if inconsistently, plausible. It was the booksy boys, with no intention of dying for any cause whatever, who joined in urging the Government to give guarantees which could only lead to war. Some were war-minded because they felt genuinely anxious to rehabilitate Jewish brethren, the others because their mentors in Moscow preached war as the prelude to world Communism. Now the extreme Left (which is practically unrepresented in Parliament on purpose to disguise the extent of its influence) has rattled; hoping to gain adherents among the peace-loving masses; for the masses are fundamentally peace-loving here and in France, only in France they see the situation as it is, while we see it as we should like it to be, which has led to the catchword "wishful thinking" I first heard used by Mrs. Euan Wallace a year or so ago. We prefer to see the Germans as we have found them in some instances—well-meaning, cultured, industrious and efficient. Blindly we ignore the existence of their dual personality which Robert ("Good-bye To All That") Graves exposed in a recent admirable article, saying "This limited goodness (their own gifts and capabilities) does not satisfy the spiritual pride of most educated Germans. They easily grow tired of themselves. They want to be different; they want to be great and wonderful.



They want to be un-German." The French are never deceived by these iron soul expansions which lead to pain and deception on the part of the mental patient, to whom Robert Graves likes the German people. In regard to the Germans the French expect the worst; and it always happens. The worst is happening in those parts of Poland which are ethnographically Russian and have been re-annexed. The landed gentry (some of whom our landed gentry shot with in better times) have been systematically murdered, the churches desecrated, the shops and businesses removed from their owners, the farms broken up and, indeed, every step taken to liquidate all institutions, the Communist ideal being to force every one to work for the State in a hideous co-operative slavery, without the comfort of God and hope of another life. No wonder the Vatican is grieving. No wonder many Italians grieve with the Pope over the infidels' latest victory. To materialistic, vacantly Protestant England the changes in Poland seem very terrible, but conveniently remote. Yet by encouraging unrestricted extravagance in the name of war and patriotism, Bolshevism, Communism, whatever you like to call it, is making a powerful play on the home front. The Ministry of Information's non-entity list, with its inflated salaries and absence of journalistic abilities, is an enormity. Sir Frederick Whyte, a Scotsman, who knows a great deal about the U.S.A. and India, is one of the only bright spots, most of the appointments being beneath contempt. Every grumbling taxpayer can protect himself by supplying facts and figures to those M.P.s who are doing their best to expose the scandalous extravagance. As I said a week or two ago, some Labour Members (including the ex-miner Mr. Rhys Davies who complained that one family is drawing £13 a week for A.R.P. work) and some Liberals (especially Sir "Archie") are trying to put on the brakes, but those snug in office are doing their best to make the country go bust, and a financial *débâcle* means a red sunrise. Sir Percy Harris was led aside and told his question anent the two hundred hotels which were commandeered overnight—without consideration of the loss to the Inland Revenue, plus the unemployment arising therefrom—was one likely to prejudice the Government, or endanger the Realm



Eric Gwy

#### A HUNTING WEDDING—TWO M.F.H.'S

The bride is the former Miss Diana Ralli, and is temporary Master of the Vine, and the bridegroom is Major J. H. Walford, joint-Master of the Old Berks—at the moment. The Vine huntsman, Harry Gould, blew them away, which was an eminently fitting send-off. Mrs. Walford is the elder daughter of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli of Beaurepaire, Basingstoke, and the wedding was at Bramley Church which is hard by

committee responsible for working out evacuation. The story goes (although he does not tell it himself) that, appalled by the expenditure entailed, he asked months ago "Don't you think we ought to make an estimate giving the Treasury some idea of the cost," to which Sir John Anderson is supposed to have replied "It's got nothing to do with us." No ordinary business would run on such ostrich lines, but the extraordinary bureaucrats will continue signing chits long after the taxpayer has ceased to be a paying proposition. Then for the rub and the Reds.

\* \* \*

Sir Percy and Lord ("just-call-me-George") Marchwood were in form at the Leonard Plugge's enormous pink dinner for the Turkish Military Mission—pink roses, pink candles, pink champagne (shades of Deauville!) and pink satin on Madame Orbay's *corsage*. She is the wife of the brilliant general who is leading the mission; her work for the emancipation of Turkish women has won universal admiration. Mrs. Denton Carlisle, with whom Madame Orbay had been on a shopping patrol, was also there, very happy about daughter Bridget Smiley's love match with John Christian. For pictures of this Anglo-Turkish evening turn to another page where you may or may not espy Mr. Henry Channon who, though he has written autobiographies of German historical figures, was unable to throw one word of German across the table to a Turkish delegate marooned by being short of French or English. The Lady Honor was evidently in the country; whence comes this typical autumn '39 epistle—"A mistress from Westonbirt telephoned hectically to another page where you may or may not espy



Howard Barrett

#### THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD AND LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Out cubbing with the Rufford of which Lord Titchfield has been joint-Master since 1930, his "partner" since 1931 having been Colonel R. Thompson. At the moment when war broke out Lord Titchfield was a Captain in the Reserve, the Blues. Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck is the eldest of their three daughters



#### LADY MOYRA BUTLER AMBULANCE DRIVER

At some station somewhere in London where she is womanfully doing her bit. Lady Moyra Butler is Lord and Lady Ossory's only daughter and thus a granddaughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde. On the outbreak of this war Lord Ossory was a major in the Life Guards Reserve

or some such, so he had to withdraw it. Sir Percy was on the

to know if we would let them this house, as half the school is installed at Bowood with Lady Lansdowne, and the other half at Lord Methuen's, so they wanted ours for a sanatorium. She was very insistent and said she was sure we would realize it was work of national importance, so I said I was sorry but



## And the World said—*continued*

having been to five girls' schools nothing will persuade me that even the best of them is of any importance at all. She took it well!" Another passing phase of country life is in the devacuation story. I heard one from Mrs. Harry Hulbert whose fine house near Newbury was full of evacuee women until their husbands removed them, and the children, back to Southampton. On departing they said, "Don't worry about us going, we never meant to stay more than a month!"

Mrs. Hulbert, whose nephew, Sir Anthony Meyer, is captain of the Oppidans this half, was one of the two hundred (and Lord Erleigh another) at pretty "Biddy" Lloyd's parents' party after her wedding in the sweet old church at Highclere. Both the Highclere clergymen have charming speaking voices without any clerical or B.B.C. affectation, and they made it easy for every one to join sincerely in the solemn happy service, even those who had come to see her dress and hear each other. At least the war has done away with the big wedding, and its too fashionable young guests whose débütante cousins in America are guyed, without exaggeration, in *Glamour Girls*, a picture keyed to make the racket of war appear almost preferable to the débütante racket. The Carnarvons sound blissful, except that he had to leave the best lot of yearlings he has ever known, in the U.S. "Tilly" is making a lightning impression on the neighbourhood. Almina, Lady Carnarvon's justly celebrated nursing home has moved to Hove where she is building on to the Red House—Colonel Wilfred Egerton being the first patient in the new surroundings.

Minto House is now a maternity home, and Lady Minto president of the Roxburghshire Red Cross. The neighbouring young Scotts and numerous relations are making Eildon Hall a family club house. The Duke of Buccleuch's Dalkeith Palace is a civil hospital for Edinburgh. In Inverness-shire, at the charmingly named House of Inches, Lady Gough (Bettine Maryon-Wilson) has been dispensing hospitality to members of the W.T.S. Those who were billeted on her include Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee, an Aberdeenshire belle; "Kitty" Forbes who is a sister of Sir John Forbes of Newe and a sergeant in the W.T.S., and charmer "Peggy" Forbes-Sempill, who is an instructor in the Women's A.A.F. More Scots doing their stuff are Miss Diana Gray-Cheape; who is a private in the W.T.S.; Miss Evelyn Coates who has joined the Women's Land Army; Mrs. "Jacko" MacLeod (Theodora Wills), who has had twins (which run in the Skeabost family), and Captain Douglas Spencer-Nairn, erstwhile supporter of the Fife Hunt, who resigned from Cupar Town Council on rejoining his regiment. His pretty wife is a sister of a London-Scottish character, Captain "Hearty" Henderson. Lady Elibank is doing several jobs of war work in Tweeddale, and keeping house for her husband who goes up to Elibank and down to the House of Lords. He was in Another Place on a day when the Members Gallery was decorated by two of Sir Abe Bailey's daughters, and by Mrs. Alan Campbell-Swinton, whose tip-tilted "*fraicheur*" has not changed one eyelash in fifteen years. I wondered if Lord Kemsley, occupying two

key positions, was pondering upon the seizure of newspapers by what Auntie Times calls "Officialdom at the seaports." The non-arrival of American magazines is maddening, and they are evidently not getting ours either. Editor Harry Bull writes from New York "People here are too puzzled: about the war, and at times feel that there really isn't any. . . . This doesn't mean that we are playing ostrich or are in any way unsympathetic." At Folkestone the books travellers took abroad are confiscated on their return, hoping invisible ink will appear between the lines. When I came back some

days after the declaration this Edgar Wallace business had not begun or the historic French newspapers of September 3 would have been torn from me. Now you cannot take even *The Times* out of England, but you can buy it again on the boat! An Australian woman telephoned Sir Charles McCann in the middle of the night, asking him to vouch for her as she had been held at Folkestone and questioned for hours before she was allowed to ring him up. She was brought to London, guarded next day. He met her at Victoria to find it all arose because she carried a set of German classics, and when asked if she liked Germany answered that she enjoyed her holiday there. Instead of browbeating loyal Australians officials might watch those "refugees" who, under the cloak of being Hebrew, or politically estranged from the Nazi regime, are spying on us. "Billy" McCann, son of the said Agent-General for Western Australia, was in the Ritz t'other lunch time, as were inevitably the Brownlows and the Nortons, and less inevitably

Sir Anthony Weldon wearing air force blue, Lady Linlithgow and lovely Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannstahl. More uniforms frequent the Savoy where a farewell party for Lady Mary Herbert and husband happened in a separate room—Stavordales, Wards and company. Major Sir "Jack" Herbert is the new Governor of Bengal. Annoying to those in the Grill is the sight of enormous Daimler hires bearing priority labels depositing minor brass hats who should have walked from the W.O. or wherever they sit the war out. Waste of our money and petrol. Major Frank Douglas gets a good mark for walking; the Stock Exchange must be several points less hearty without him. Two attractive Americans were in the Grill; Lady Sysonby, English by marriage, and Mrs. Peter Ball, English by birth. She sailed for New York after visiting her sister, Mrs. "Jock" Leslie, in Scotland—they were Carol and Cherry Pinckard before numbers replaced names.

The R.A.F. at work and play with "Critch" made an encouraging newsreel. Wandering into a movie, I thought the hero had a mellifluous voice and discovered at the end it was Bing Crosby. His green hat had a feather band! It was 107 in the shade when they finished *Diamonds are Dangerous* in Hollywood last month, with "Squire" Nigel Bruce, merry Rex Evans (who sings "A Flea Flew in My Flute"), George Brent and John Loder, whose half-sister, Mrs. Redmond McGrath is holding the family fort in St. John's Wood. Gladys Cooper, playing the tweedy sister-in-law in *Rebecca*, is staying with the Nigel Bruces. Vivien Leigh gave a dinner for her, assisted by Laurence Olivier, the Bruces, Rex Evans, Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster.



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT DOUGLAS

The proper name and style nowadays of the famous actor seen above with his charming wife is Aircraftsman Robert Douglas Finlayson, for he, like so many others, has joined up in the ranks. His wife, who was, of course, Dorothy Hyson, is also doing her bit by training as a Red Cross nurse in the intervals of rehearsing for a new show appropriately entitled *Let's Face It*

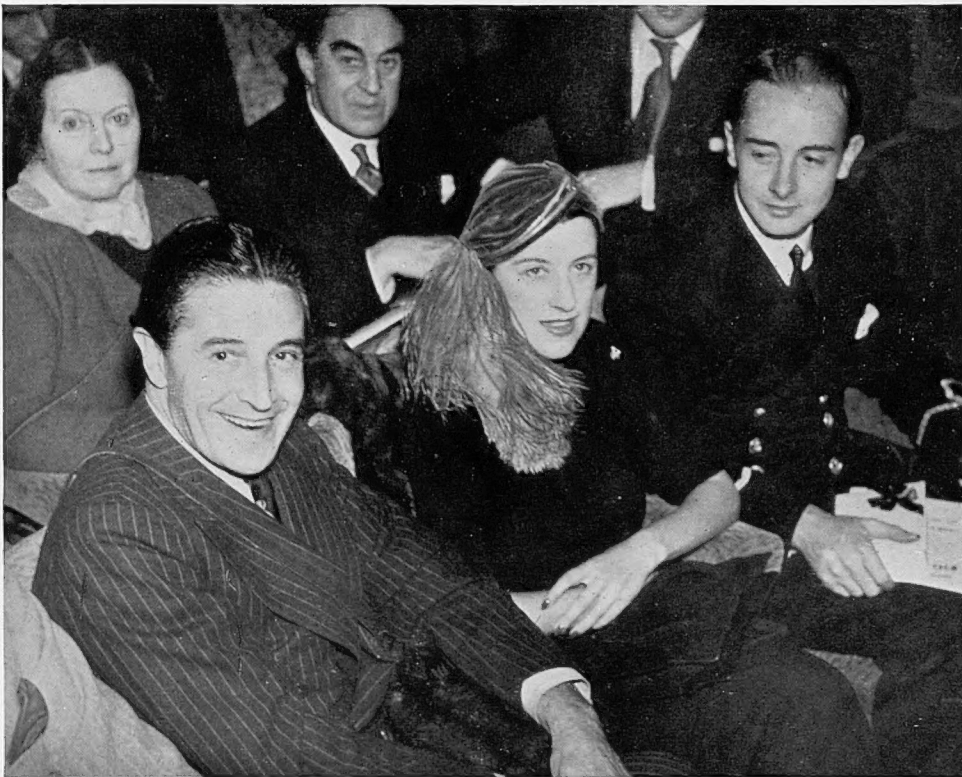


A MAN OF THE MOMENT

Will Finland alone among the Baltic States hold out for her liberty against the advances of the new-style Russian bear? Baron Mannerheim, head of the Finnish Army, holds a key position in contemporary affairs, and this picture of him with the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Fitzroy, wife of the Speaker, taken on his last visit to this country shortly before war broke out, is particularly topical at this hectic moment



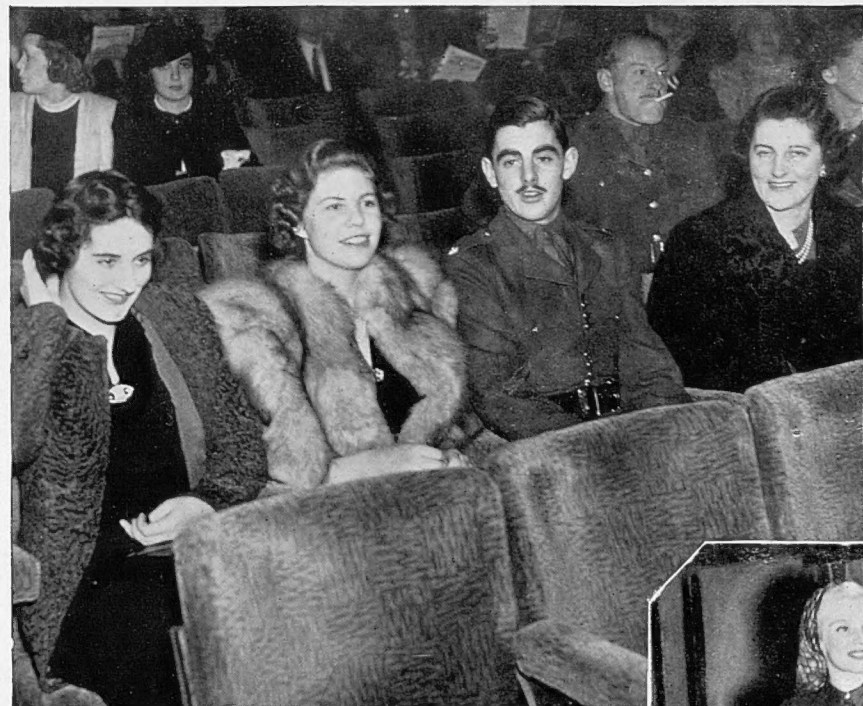
# LAUGHING WITH THE LITTLE DOG



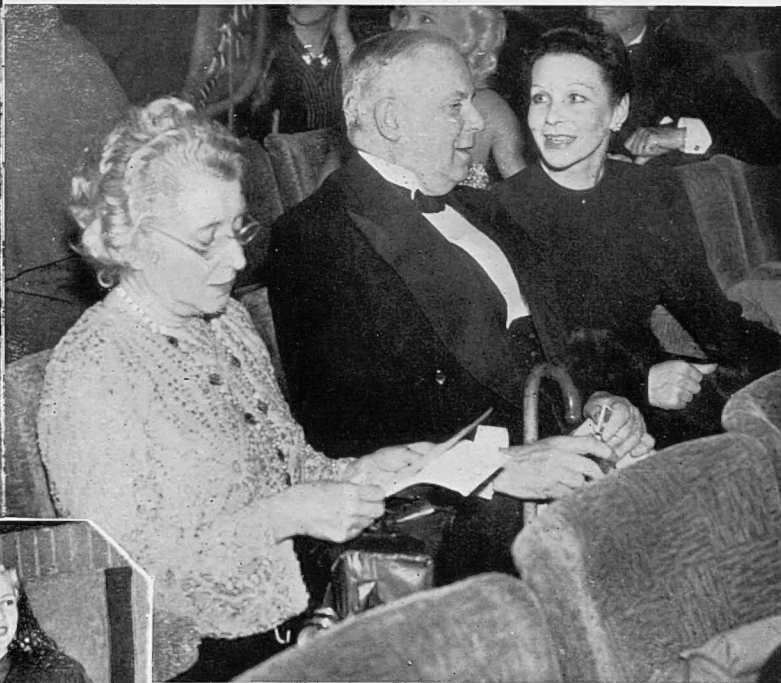
IVOR NOVELLO, BEATRICE LILLIE AND MICHAEL ANTHONY



FRANCES DAY AND RALPH READER



MISS FINOLA FITZGERALD, MR. AND MRS. GEORGE FITZGERALD AND MRS. ARTHUR FITZGERALD



MR. AND MRS. C. B. COCHRAN WITH DORIS ZINKEISEN



(LEFT) CLAIRE LUCE ARRIVING

The auditorium at the Palladium became a milky way of stage stars for the first night of the new Crazy Gang show, *The Little Dog Laughed*, last week. Dress was very varied, ranging from Frances Day's full evening attire to Claire Luce's workmanlike "pants." Both these ladies were charming London from the other side of the footlights "before the war," for Frances Day was with Vic Oliver the leading light of that very gay revue, *Black and Blue*, staged by George Black, who is also responsible for the Palladium "mirthquake," while Claire Luce was drawing the town to John Steinbeck's magnificent play, *Of Mice and Men*. Mr. C. B. Cochran announced in August that he had commissioned Mr. Ronald Jeans and Mr. Noel Gay to write the words and music of a new revue,

*London Charivari*, which it was hoped to put on the London stage this year. Doris Zinkeisen has, of course, often been a contributor to his successes by her brilliant scenic and costume designing. Prominent among non-theatrical people in the house was a FitzGerald family party including Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, whose husband is the brother of Sir John FitzGerald, the 21st Knight of Kerry, and two of her children, Finola and George, who has joined his elder brother in a famous regiment. Mrs. FitzGerald is the daughter of Captain Frank Forester, who was a renowned Master of the Quorn during the last war and did sterling work fox-hunting by keeping things going under tremendous difficulties



# THE CINEMA

## Pre-war War Films

By JAMES AGATE



GROUCHO MARX AND EVE ARDEN  
WHO ARE IN "A DAY AT THE CIRCUS"

This latest Marx Brothers frolic is said to be on its way to us, and it is rated as great fun as that other one *A Day at the Races*. The above picture was taken between scenes at the M-G-M studios. Eve Arden plays what they call the "upside-down lady" in this story, and by that is presumably meant some kind of special acrobat

OVER and over again as I sat watching the preposterous but thrilling *An Englishman's Home* at the London Pavilion, my mind reverted to one of the greatest war films the cinema has ever thrown up. This was *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde*, adapted from M. Maeterlinck's play. Incidentally, a comparison between these two films proves that Euclid was wrong when he said that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Sir John Martin-Harvey was fully equal to the Burgomaster, who was the counterpart of your English squire. Mr. Edmund Gwenn is fully equal to the part of the English squire; yet Mr. Gwenn is not in the least like Sir John Martin-Harvey. Let it be conceded that the point is a minor one. *The Burgomaster* embodied the noblest sort of tragedy, the opposition of two mutually destructive rights. It is a tragic thing that an innocent community suffering invasion should be compelled to atone for a chance shot; it would be a terrible thing for an invading army if its commander should allow such shots to be fired with impunity. Maeterlinck's play showed the family of the Burgomaster weeping and crying aloud in the clutch of circumstances, and the German commander disabled from bowing his head in mercy. The piece, then, was essentially noble. The film made from it retained and repeated this essential nobility, with one lovely addition which occurred when the Burgomaster, as he walked to his execution, was allowed to spend a last minute in his conservatory saying good-bye to his flowers.

Frankly I shall never be able to understand the film industry. *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* was a silent film, and there could have been no question of reviving it as a silent film. But it could and should have been re-made as a talkie, for the reason that besides being a work of art it is entirely apt to the present situation. Whereas *An Englishman's Home*, taken from Major Guy du Maurier's play of the same name, is not in the least apt to the situation. And why should it be? This play was written in 1909 at a time when it was held that Germany couldn't and wouldn't ever make war on this country for which, as the *Manchester Guardian* of those days never tired of telling us, she cherished a regard so warm as to be almost indecent. Now some film corporation or other—I long ago decided not to clutter up my mind with unimportant facts about which company produces which film!—has chosen to cinematize this play in 1939, a time when even the *Manchester Guardian* has seen through the German polish and pretence and is highly annoyed about it. But let me not tease the greatest of English newspapers whose pupil I was and whose fervent I remain! The point is that everybody in this country has been for the last twelve months fully alive to the German menace. Have not I personally supervised the making of a garden dug-out, and

refreshed the mind while so doing with literary reminiscence and analogy? Were there not whole chapters to be read in which My Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim debated the relative advantages of curtain and bastion? At a later stage I was reminded of an incident in Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. One of the first activities of that ridiculous pair on retiring to their estate in the country had been to construct a lake in the grounds. This being finished and filled with water, a large company of guests were invited to a garden party. Judge of their horror when the pair found that during the night the water had disappeared. My difficulty with the dug-out was the reverse. The lake of Bouvard and Pécuchet could not contain its water; my dug-out insisted upon accumulating it! Wherefore I had to supervise baling operations, carried out by means of a rope and enough hauling to satisfy the most conscientious Volga boatman. From which it will be seen that the present writer being a very average English citizen was under no misapprehension about the German menace.

Now the film at the London Pavilion begins with the refusal of Mr. Brown, the typical Englishman, to have any truck with German fears. He is just not going to have an air-shelter messing up his lawn and flower-beds. Readers may possibly have forgotten the plot of this old piece. Briefly it is this. The Germans arrange to set up all over England unsuspected wireless stations whose rays shall indicate their positions to bombing German aeroplanes. First a small fleet is to come over and by parachute drop men to guard their wireless stations, to be followed by the bombers an hour later. The film then takes us to a country town which might be Godalming or Beaconsfield and shows us how a young German officer, pretending to run a wireless business, ingratiates himself into the family of Mr. Brown. There is a small boy in this family whose passion is radio, and there is, of course, a large daughter whose passion is the German officer. Mr. Brown's family now believe that it is out of pure affection for young Brown that the German officer has installed a radio set rather larger than would be necessary for a modern battleship. The officer has an accomplice who, by climbing up the drainpipes, joins him in the attic, where the two are in constant communication with the air force headquarters in Germany. While all this is happening the parlour of the Browns is positively swarming with young English airmen, soldiers, and what not, none of whom take the slightest interest in the activities of the German at the top of the house. And all this is now supposed to be happening round about August of this year! Indeed, unless my eyes deceived me, the film's preliminary shots contain a disclaimer as to the topicality of it all. What this means is that the film should have been scrapped, but that the makers of it did not like to lose the money.

The end of this picture shows the arrival of the Germans, the shooting of a German soldier by Mr. Brown, and his subsequent execution. All of this is, of course, Maeterlinck's *Burgomaster* all over again. Women in a tragedy are always a nuisance, for the reason that they insist upon keeping up the agony long after everybody else has done with it. The Burgomaster's daughter in the Maeterlinck film was no exception to the general rule. The wretch would go talking about suicide, lean in black crêpe against the Burgomaster's clock, and transform his carpet into an inky pool. *An Englishman's Home* does rather better in this respect. There are a great many tedious passages in which Miss Mary Maguire must roll her eyes at the German officer. This, however, is merely the normal and inescapable love interest. One merely shuts one's eyes and thinks about something else. It was when Mr. Brown was about to be shot that we were mercifully allowed to see almost nothing of Miss Maguire's lacerated bosom. To sum up, this film is bosh and very exciting bosh.

*Stanley and Livingstone*—a film whose title does not suggest hilarity, started its career at the Gaumont Theatre in the Haymarket on October 11, and has a most distinguished cast to put it over.



# CARRYING ON



IN "THE FRENCH FOR LOVE": ATHENE SEYLER



WILLIAM MOLLISON AND ALICE DELYSIA AT THE STAGE DOOR



HUGH WAKEFIELD COMING FROM REHEARSAL

THE HON. PETER GRAVES, ISABEL JEANS AND GLEN BYAM SHAW



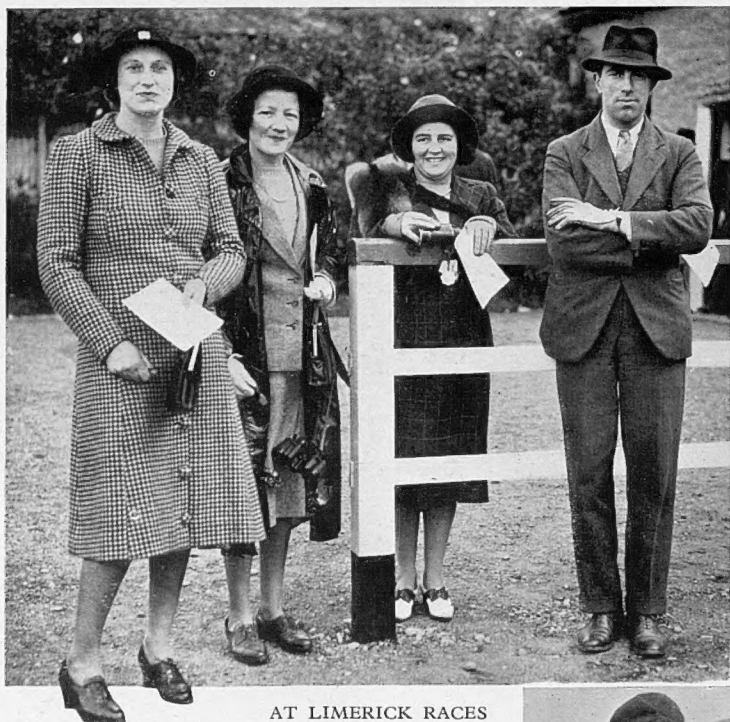
IRENE BROWN, ACTRESS-AMBULANCE DRIVER



IVOR NOVELLO STUDIES THE BALLOON BARRAGE

Breaking through the theatrical blackout are two new plays, *The French for Love* by decorator-journalist Derek Patmore and Marguerite Steen, the successful novelist, and Ivor Novello's *Second Helping*. Both are light comedies and *Second Helping* is to be preceded by half an hour of concert-party entertainment in Mr. Novello's best popular vein. *The French for Love*, which opened at Richmond last week, is produced by William Mollison, formerly of the King's African Rifles; its cast includes Athene Seyler who puts another feather in her already well-adorned cap by her performance as the mother; Alice Delysia, who is attending Red Cross lectures three times weekly and who plays very wittily the part of a middle-aged French house-keeper with a romantic point of view, and Hugh Wakefield who brilliantly carries off the big part of the father. In the last war Mr. Wakefield broke into his theatrical career to serve all the way from 1914 in the Army, the R.F.C. and the R.A.F. Of the people in *Second Helping*, Isabel Jeans is just back from two and a half years of Hollywood, and Peter Graves, who is son and heir of the irrepressible "Tommy," is carrying on with a small part while awaiting military instructions. It should be explained that Glen Byam Shaw just happened to be passing when the photograph was taken and is not in the play. Irene Brown, who is immensely popular on both sides of the "pond," particularly in Noel Coward parts, is very busy just now as an ambulance driver





AT LIMERICK RACES

While this country has been awaiting the restarting of racing, Irish courses have seen some good meetings, and large crowds of turf well-knowns have as ever in that horsey country assembled to see how they run. In this picture are (l. to r.): Miss Olive Creed, whose father, Mr. C. F. P. Creed, trained the Irish Grand National winner Shaun Peel; Mrs. J. de Bromhead, wife of the well-known Waterford amateur jockey, her sister, Mrs. A. H. Watt, whose husband, Major Watt, M.C., D.S.O., is Master of the United Hunt Club, and Mr. Bryan Rogers, the Irish trainer, whose Test Match won the Shannon Plate at this Limerick meeting

IN this age of mystery it is gratifying to find that entries for races can be published in the calendar in full without any form of censorship. The Ministry of Information even allows the dates and venues to be published which all goes to show that the sacking of about five hundred officials has caused an instant leakage. Doubtless this will be put right by not allowing the results or starting prices to be made known. The programmes of the meetings so far published are to me rather surprising as containing such a large proportion of races confined to moderate horses. That every one else was also taken by surprise is evidenced by the non-filling of the worst class race of the lot, owners having taken it for granted that the animals for which it catered were not worth keeping in training. One would have thought that races for horses which have never run, races for horses which have not won less than a certain amount in stakes or a certain number of sweepstakes with a high entrance fee in which it would only be worth while to run good or promising horses with such races as the Middle Park, Jockey Club Stakes, etc., would have served the best interests. As the avowed object of the continuance of racing is to keep the breed going, the small man (myself included) should not be considered with the insertion of three-year-old maiden six furlong handicaps, nurseries, or races for horses which haven't won more than £200 in stakes.

Meanwhile the racing fraternity have scattered to the four winds, many of them serving their country in some capacity or another. One great friend of mine employed in the censorship of letters writes me that his unremitting back-breaking task is lightened by the amount of very promising addresses and telephone numbers he has amassed. Another distinguished appointment, this time to the War Office, I am able to disclose as having no notion of the man's real



MR. AND MRS. G. A. HARRIS

Also at the Limerick meeting were the manager of the famous Ballykisteen stud at Limerick Junction and his wife. Mr. Harris is also the owner of some useful race-horses, including Mick Doherty, Eire's star two-year-old

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

name. You and I have all met and probably fallen for the small man with the sallow face and the manner and smile of pure Essolube, who for many years has got a good living by sidling up to racegoers. "You remember me, sir," he starts, and as your face shows a complete blank he adds, "Corporal Wilson, sir." Should you say, "No, I don't, were you with me in the Ninth?" he immediately agrees. Should you ask him what his unit was he replies at once, "Signals, sir," this being a blowed-in-the-glass safe gambit as signal units were attached to every one. The racket is pretty good for "half a bar" in nine cases out of ten. Judge of my astonishment to find him smothered in brassards carrying documents in that august pile which has made the pulp trade what it is. His astonishment may be judged by the fact that with one sideways glance he lit off down the corridor like he knew they were offering 100 to 8 about a 6 to 4 chance at the other end. Another well-known racegoer with a particularly stately gait met the other night

with an unfortunate reverse. He assured me that coming between a lady and her husband is nothing like so hazardous as coming between a lady and her dog in a blackout. Apparently walking out of his brilliantly lit club into the outer stygian darkness he had gone for six over the lead connecting the two. As with a low, coarse oath he regained the vertical, the lady shone a small red torch on him and demanded that he should catch her pet who with his mask set for his home in St. John's Wood Road, was going down Bond Street with a noise like a coyote afflicted with hysteria. Life in London I gather has more nearly reached normal than in the country. The usual restaurants are full to overflowing with a heterogeneous collection of all sorts of units and ranks in uniform with their girl friends in uniform or what I think are called "high lows." British battle dress, admirable as it may be for trench work, looks, and I should say is, the last form of garment for dancing in an overheated room. The punctiliousness of the women in uniforms is wonderful to watch. A lance-corporal of W.A.T.S. on meeting a private of the same corps, with whom for years she has let her hair down, sat on her bed and exchanged those intimate girlish conversations which are known all over London in an hour, cuts her as stone dead as a four-inch putt. Her own brother, who is an officer, she may not speak to, while he, the last joined "wart," is addressing his brigadier with whom he was shooting a month ago as Jim. Can you beat the officer on the reserve who, being asked what he was going to do, said, "Oh I shall shoot up till Christmas and then accept a staff job."

The Cripples' Mission of the Shaftesbury Society for evacuated cripple children, are desperately needing clothing, boots, shoes and knitting wool, etc., toys, games and books would also be appreciated. Any such gifts—or contributions—would be gratefully received by the St. James' Cripple Mission (Shaftesbury Society), 58 Murillo Road, Lewisham.

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously consented to sponsor a Gift Book which will be on sale in time for Christmas entitled "The Royal Red Cross Book." All profits from the sale of this book, to be published by Hodder & Stoughton, will be devoted to the Mansion House Fund for the Red Cross and the Order of St. John. The Lord Mayor has already received promises of contributions in prose, in poetry and in picture from many of the most distinguished writers and artists.



AT THE IRISH  
CAMBRIDGESHIRE



MR. AND MRS. ERIC FOLEY  
JUST BEFORE THE BIG RACE



CAPTAIN H. WEBBER (G.R. AND TRAINER)  
AND MISS EVE HALLAM (AN OWNER)



MR. RODERICK MORE O'FERRALL  
AND MRS. DENIS DALY



MR. GEOFFREY GILPIN AND  
MISS FREDA KEANE



MRS. E. MacDERMOTT, CAPTAIN SPENCER FREEMAN,  
AND MR. AND MRS. PIERCE SYNNOTT



J. TAYLOR AND  
MR. M. J. PEACOCK

The owner of the Irish Cambridgeshire winner, Colonel T. H. M. Clarke, managed to elude the photographer, but the success of his "Overall," which he bred, was a very popular one, especially with all the other people who got in at the nourishing price—5 to 1. He only got home by half a length, very well ridden by Ireland's crack jockey, Joe Canty, who also rode Colonel Clarke's "Knight's Caprice" when he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. There was a quite exceptional congregation present, all race-cards sold out! All the heads, some from our side of the Channel, were on the premises, and Matt Peacock of Middleham sent out his "Moot Law" to win the National Produce Stakes. Mr. Geoffrey Gilpin is a son of the late and much-renowned Peter Purcell, and the charming lady who is with him, one of Ireland's equitation specialists, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Hugh Delmege, famous G.R. Her father, the late Colonel Richard Keane, was for many seasons Master of the West Waterford. She is a niece of Sir John Keane. Mrs. MacDermott, who is in the same group as Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Synnott (*née* Ann Bailey), is Mr. Pierce Synnott's Mrs. Denis Daly's husband, who is a well-known owner, is on service with his old regiment, a Hussar unit (now on wheels!)





Poole, Dublin

## THE WEST WATERFORD JOINT-MASTER

Miss Anne Gregory, who is a first-class woman to hounds, has joined Mrs. Patrick Grey (until recently Miss Anne Hickman) in the Mastership of the West Waterford Hounds. Miss Gregory is a daughter of the late Major Robert Gregory, M.C., and Mrs. Guy Gough, whose husband, Captain. Guy Gough, is cousin and heir-presumptive to Viscount Gough

what good purpose? No one yet has ever found the answer to that most dreadful question, though they yell and lie and prevaricate *ad nauseam*. Wars still go on, accompanied by their own incalculable misery and suffering and loss. The fanatical ambition of a handful of men, too often out for their own personal ends, is sufficient to plunge the world into chaos, destruction and death. Why should this be, when all must suffer for the greed and cruelty of the few? Nobody knows. Seemingly, nobody can prevent it. God doesn't seem to care. Truly there are forces outside ourselves which make a mockery of freedom and decent ambition and decent hope. Mankind appears powerless to avert them, and Heaven is apparently not aware. The guilty get off scot-free, and the innocent die beneath the Cross which is laid upon them. And that, so far, is all humanity has made of human life! It is an appalling thought. Other forces are at work, too, in peace as well as in war. The economic struggle and the daily grind merely to eat to live. Each system identical, under other slogans, with all the rest. At least, it works out that way. And the system itself is as impersonal as the air we breathe.

Mr. John Steinbeck's most moving, most haunting new novel, "The Grapes of Wrath" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is the story of one of these forces, the force of Mammon. It is the tragedy of victims. The sadness lies in the fact that these victims, poor, rough, hard-working, uncultured and unrefined, are potentially decent citizens. Poverty undermines their bodies, though something fine is never quite extinguished in their souls. And nature, as well as men, is fighting against them. If there isn't a heaven, there ought to be for such as they. The story deals with a group of farmers who have reclaimed, and by endless labour are trying to make self-supporting, an arid district of grey country in Oklahoma. For years they struggle on, fighting bad harvests, uncertain markets, the handicap of their own rude implements of land-cultivation. From time to time, just

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## A Fine Novel.

WE should be born freemen; yet none of us is free. Always there are forces outside ourselves which render freedom powerless. Forces not only outside ourselves, but also within us. I suppose millions all over the world have asked themselves within the last few years why wars should ever be? Ninety-nine out of every hundred men and women abhor the very idea. Yet universal abhorrence is seemingly never enough. We are powerless to prevent it. Thus, instead of being able peacefully to live our own lives, life itself is taken from us. And for

when it would seem as if they might made a decent profit out of their labours, sand-storms ruin both their crops and their hopes. Gradually they are falling into debt. The mortgage at the bank overwhelms all their valiant efforts. The bank forecloses. They are lost. The bank works the land for itself, bringing in all the latest and most effective motor-tractors to till the soil. The tractors plough their way through the homesteads, through all the labour of the years. "Some of the owner-men were kind because they hated what they had to do, and some of them were angry because they hated to be cruel, and some of them were cold because they had long ago found that one could not be an owner unless one were cold. And all of them were caught in something larger than themselves. Some of them hated the mathematics that drove them on, and some were afraid, and some worshipped the mathematics because it provided a refuge from thought and from feeling. If a bank or a finance company owned the land—needs—wants—insists—must have—as though the Bank of the Company were a monster, with thought and feeling, which had ensnared them."

So these families are forced to relinquish not only the fruits of their labour, but everything which made them a little community. The story is mostly concerned with the Joad family tenant-farmers. They lose everything they possess, except courage, and this courage is ensnared by the glowing advertisements of Californian prosperity and opportunity of work. They realise as much as they can of the stock which remains for them to sell, and being unable by their circumstances to bargain, they are forced to part with their all at the lowest possible figure. A second-hand motor-garage boss sells them a car which is practically worthless. He must make his profits. In this dilapidated machine the family set out to traverse the two thousand miles from Oklahoma to California—the land of promise.

The story of this journey is among the most tragic I have ever read. One becomes so enthralled by the progress that it is with many an inward cry of "shame!" one reads how these poor, wretched people were victimised *en route*. How some of them died; how they all suffered, yet nevertheless were buoyed up by hope. And how at the end even this last hope turned into a delusion. There was no work in California—except at a price, and then mostly only seasonable work. And the wage offered was the price of ten willing men after one job. Starvation ration. "The Grapes of Wrath" is a long story, but it never loses its

(Continued on page 76)



NURSE-TO-BE—MISS MARIE GRIFFIN

Miss Marie Griffin, the well-known West End model, will soon be exchanging her lovely dresses for a trim nurse's uniform. She has joined the British Red Cross and will shortly be taking up her duties at a hospital in the Midlands



*Bassano, Dover Street***MRS. MICHAEL ADEANE—TO WHOM A SON HAS BEEN BORN**

Captain Michael Adeane, whose wife's portrait is above, is a son of the late Captain Henry Adeane, Coldstream, who was killed in action in 1914. He has followed his father into the same regiment, and has been Assistant Private Secretary to the King for some time past. His mother, the Hon. Mrs. Adeane, is the elder of the two daughters of the late Lord and Lady Stamfordham. Lord Stamfordham was Private Secretary to King George V. for a very long period, and his grandson is now following in his footsteps in the Royal Household. Mrs. Michael Adeane was Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton before her marriage early this year



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

profound interest, its moving tragedy. Sad though it is, it is never depressing, except when you realise that all are victims of a force which nobody sets in motion, yet which is overwhelming in its ferocity and as inescapable, modern life being what it is, as death. The Joads have such high courage, such humour, such loyalty to each other. The manner in which the story is related may, for the average English reader, take some getting used to. But once the rhythm, so to speak, is familiar, the effect is extraordinarily exciting. There are scenes of brutal realism, others of astounding beauty. It is the most outstanding novel I have read for a long, long time.

## Thoughts from "The Grapes of Wrath."

"Seems like that's the way. Fella havin' fun, he don't give a damn; but a fella mean an' lonely an' old an' disappointed—he's scared of dyin'."

"If a man needs a million acres to make him feel rich, seems to me he needs it 'cause he feels awful poor inside hisself, and if he's poor in hisself, there ain't no million acres gonna make him feel rich, an' maybe he's disappointed that nothin' he can do 'll make him feel rich. I ain't tryin' to preach no sermon, but I never seen nobody that's busy as a prairie dog collectin' stuff that wasn't disappointed."

"The last clear definite function of man—muscles aching to work, minds aching to create beyond the single need—this is man. . . . For man, unlike anything organic or inorganic in the universe, grows beyond his work, walks up the steps of his concepts, emerges ahead of his accomplishments."

## The Scarecrow Who Became Dictator.

Miss Clemence Dane's new novel, "The Arrogant History of White Ben" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is not only a story of the time we live in, though it is laid some years ahead, but it is also a story of the time which humanity has lived in all along; ever since, so to speak, they became a community of divided and dividing interests. Here, again, is the story of one of those irresistible forces—as apparent as mountains, yet as intangible as the cancer-germ—which make human life too easily one long, endless struggle against well-nigh overwhelming odds. It is written, however, somewhat in the form of an allegory; and allegories are always rather difficult to read, so deep must be one's attention lest one misses something of the point. The human enemy in this instance is the enemy of the profiteers, the middlemen, the professionals, those who batten on war and suffering and loss to enrich themselves. They are symbolised by the crows. The crows who destroy the labour of men, who talk and jabber and thief; who foul the district upon which they settle; who are scared off again and yet again, only to return when the signs of conflict are over. But, if one reads the allegory aright, the crows can never be destroyed, because destruction merely brings with it its own special breed of black invaders. The same garment is turned inside out, though it may look all fresh and serviceable in the beginning.

The arrogant history of White Ben is the history of such a revolt, led by a fanatic, a dreamer, who ended up as a dictator, and then was destroyed by his own arrogance; which is the way of human man with too much power to

destroy. And yet White Ben was originally only a scarecrow; a scarecrow decked out with the discarded habiliments of a dead doctor, a dead soldier, a dead professor, who one moonlight night came to life. The world war had gone on so long that the world was exhausted by war. The peace which followed was the peace of utter mental, physical and moral incapacity to carry on. It was signed, however, against the protestations of a millionaire newspaper proprietor who had other ideas. It left him in the lurch. So he performed the complete *volte-face* act, which is now so common among dictators, and threw himself into the revolution against the human crows of which he had at one time been such a distinguished member. He backed White Ben in his fanatical pogrom against those who batten on the labour or misfortune of others. For after the last bomb had killed the woman on whose land he had so conscientiously scared crows, White Ben came to life.

There is a scene in the village churchyard when the spirits of the dead also come alive as the wisps of the night mist, which is a triumph of eerie effectiveness. Down through the ages their cry is "Oppression! Oppression!" From before the Conquest the crows have battered upon them and held them captive. "Suddenly the bulk of the mist lifted. Beneath it the dew sparkled fiercely on the half-seen graves, and a ray of light shot out through the gap in the thinning vapour and struck Ben between the eyes. He stirred. He looked about him in bewilderment. For a moment he didn't know where he was; then he put his fingers in his ears and fled out of the churchyard. The mist was still about him as he clambered over the stile; but he walked into the sunrise, and with every moment the mist grew thinner, its voice weaker. By the time he reached the open field the monotonous history of the village could no longer be heard. But in Ben's brain he still heard it. Though he walked on mile after mile, and always into the sun, he could not outwalk its whisper of 'Oppression! Oppression!' Nor did he ever outwalk that whisper."

His career progresses. England is out for a new slogan, a new saviour. All

know the crows, but few of them are known by name. It is like fighting a phantom. But the career of a dictator is always much the same. The revolt is too often lost in the personality of the revolutionary. Men sacrifice themselves for an idea, only to find at length that they are sacrificing themselves for a man and his followers; or a merely ideological system, or the deafening thump of a brass band, or the colouring of a flag. And the crows follow, to descend when there is a lull; until at length the world becomes satiated with big guns fired by dreams and settles down to the sanity of its own simple needs. It was one of the weaknesses of White Ben's mission, however, that he never quite identified his crows. Until the last, anyone wearing black was symbolical of a crow, especially if he were a man. So, though the drama of his arrogant career is magnificently told, one ends—or I did—with rather a sensation of frustration. White Ben began as a scarecrow and ended as such. In the meanwhile, the uproar was merely the roar of those who were up: soaring towards unidentified heights. Nevertheless, it is a novel which you will long remember. It is for adults—at least, those sufficiently adult to recognise their own wish-thinking for what it is worth.



A thing of sound and fury—



# ARMY UNITS : No. 3



## AT THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL DEPÔT AT BLANK-BY "MEL"

Some of the people without whom no war could be fought with any great show of success. The Army doctor keeps the sodger well to the best of his ability, and when it happens that he has to come into dock for repairs, patches him up with magnificent skill. The record of the last war was a great monument to what the Army doctors did, and the achievement in this present one will be no whit less brilliant. The Commandant of this Depôt is addicted to that thing, which an unchallengeable authority has described as "the h'image of war with only five-and-twenty per cent. of the danger"





Crisp

## THE GUYS XV. WHICH BEAT CATFORD

This war match took place quite recently at the Honor Oak Park ground and the Hospital side gave the "enemy" something to be getting on with, winning decisively by 20 points to 9

The names in the group are (l. to r., back): H. F. Osmond, T. W. Renton, J. R. D. Williams, G. A. Albers, A. S. Carruthers and D. W. F. Charlton; (seated) J. F. Rochford, J. Van A. Steytler, C. C. Darke, L. Babrow (capt.), R. U. F. Kynaston (hon. sec.), J. C. Bulstrode and C. Halamandres; (on ground) W. B. Sanders and P. C. Garbrell

THE world at large is waiting to hear what is the Herr Doktor Göbbels' translation of the words *Ein fröhlicher Mensch*. In the meanwhile, we are in no doubt as to the meaning which is placed upon them by the Hoch Wohl Geboren Feldmarschal.

Since Germany's most scholarly soldier, Von Fritsch, has been "liquidated," some of us are set to wondering whether she has a real general left. It would be entirely unsafe to presume that she has not, and would smack of Mr. Lloyd George's idea about "mere optimistic bluff"—such a dangerous thing! The German General Staff has always been one of the best in the world, and there is no good ground for supposing that it has altered, even though it may have suffered from various Hitler purges. However, a Hannibal is born, not made. The tendency of any super-charging system is to create a one-way mind. We



## CRAZY GANG STAR NOW V.A.D. COMMANDANT

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock (in stageland, Miss Adelaide Stanley), who was recently with the Crazy Gang in *The Little Dog Laughed*, gave up her part to take over command of this Red Cross unit in Chelsea

The names, l. to r., read: Mrs. Digby-Jones, wife of Captain P. K. Digby-Jones, M.C., Military Intelligence, War Office; Mrs. Cyril Martineau, cousin of President Roosevelt; Mrs. Bennett, Post Dispenser at the first-aid post; Miss Ruth Backhouse, daughter of Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse; and Miss Adelaide Stanley (the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock)

## Pictures in the Fire

saw that in the 1914-18 adventure. That right swing round the allied left was worked out to many places of decimals. Because the timing did not work out as precisely as it had been proved on paper that it should have done, Von Klück, who was a first-class bullock, was led into the mistake which robbed Germany of the quick win on land she banked upon obtaining. If "One o'Clock" had not had a one-way mind, the Kaiser might have eaten his Christmas dinner in Paris, as he said that he would.

But—and I reiterate the question—has Germany got a general? We do not know. Any hack will gallop very fast past a tree, but put him alongside a racehorse and then see what happens. It cost Von Brauchitsch between 40,000 and 50,000 casualties to win the rubber in Poland, even though he had all the aces and kings in his hand, and (according to that military genius, Adolf Hitler) a superbly bad general against him. The form is not good enough. How about it when he meets a "racehorse"? The C-in-C. the German Army may be first-class, but it is not yet proven that he is, and I should think that Hitler's acclamation of a glorious feat of arms must have been very galling to General von Brauchitsch, who, at any rate, has forgotten more about it than Hitler ever knew. If he had not won, how about it? Badly led as his enemy may have been, it might have been a dead-heat but for Stalin. The cost of victory was quite disproportionate. Poland had no Quintus Fabius Maximus. I wonder whether Germany can produce a Cunctator, as she must to have any hope at all of staying the course.

Had she a real general last time? Let's give them the



## LADY HARCOURT AND DAUGHTERS

A happy little group at Nuneham Park, Oxford. Lady Harcourt is the former Hon. Maud Grosvenor, and her three little girls are, left to right, Penelope, Virginia and Ann



Truman Howell

## HIS AL-FRESCO SCRAPE

In peaceful times Captain J. R. P. Jeffreys is Master of the Brecon Hounds; nowadays he is serving in something somewhere in somewhere, and the above was taken in camp. Captain Jeffreys used to be in the 15th Hussars. His house is Peterstone, near Brecon



## By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

**CAPTAIN LAURENCE JENKINS AND LT.-COL. C. E. LYNE**  
Soldiering somewhere in England. Colonel Lyne commands a Field Regiment of Artillery. The horse and the "how," do not seem quite to mingle, but the C.O. is a keen patron of a well-known Welsh pack of hounds

sen, who won in the Carpathians against people with empty rifles. The Russians had about the same chance as Monmouth's "Haymakers" at Sedgemoor. Von Mackensen is a Scotsman by descent, as was the "Russian" Barclay de Tolly.

(4) Ludendorff—a scrapper from the word "go," with all the right ideas about the battle of the break-through; but he stopped when he could have gone on if only he had known it. Another instance of the one-way mind.

(5) Liman von Sanders played a good innings on a batsman's wicket. And lastly (6) Von Hindenburg—"Von Tannenburg"—an Eastern specialist. If he had lived, this present war would not have happened. Have they now got anything better than these? They will want it and badly. They have got at least two first-class horses against them—and that statement is *not* "optimistic bluff," but fact.



**LORD AND LADY MONTGOMERIE AND THEIR SON AND HEIR**

A picture taken after the christening of the Hon. Arthur George Montgomerie at St. Mary's Church, Dalkeith. Lord Montgomerie is the Earl of Eglinton's heir, and his marriage to Miss Ursula Watson took place last year

once-over! (1) Von Moltke—a very bad copy of his forebear of 1870, who, incidentally, had a badly-organised foe against him and was only in any anxiety upon one occasion: Gravelotte-Mars la Tour.

(2) Von Falkenhayn, probably the best they had, and trained in the same school that produced Von Fretag-Loringhoven, who was Dep. C.I.G.S. the Kaiser's fine army and never got a command in the field. Von Falkenhayn softly and silently vanished away—political intrigue, so it was said.

(3) Von Mackensen, who won in the Carpathians against people with empty rifles. The Russians had about the same chance as Monmouth's "Haymakers" at Sedgemoor. Von Mackensen is a Scotsman by descent, as was the "Russian" Barclay de Tolly.

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In Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's famous book "Deductions from the World War," published in the last year of what was then called the Great War, he had the following observations to make upon the subject of Blockade, and it is probable that if there is anyone in Germany to-day with as many brains as that famous Prussian writer had, he may find it interesting to re-read this short passage:

The consequences of the blockade to which the Central Powers were subjected made themselves felt at once. Although we have succeeded by our own might in



Crisp

### THE CATFORD BRIDGE RUGGER SIDE

The Guy's Hospital team which beat them 20 points to 9 is on the preceding page. The contest was at Honor Oak Park and was one of the now numerous "we don't care a darn for the war" games

The names in the group are (l. to r., back): J. Murphy, D. Hurdley, L. T. Longdon, C. L. T. McClintock, B. McNeill and E. Diaper; (seated) M. J. Griffiths, L. K. Calver, R. A. Pickmers, G. Thompson (captain), H. Boty, R. Thomas and J. Calnam; (on ground) H. J. Herbert and D. L. B. Stowell

developing and carrying on our economic life during the war, none the less the disadvantages of our economic position in the world have made themselves felt all the time. They alone explain the fact that new opportunities of resistance constantly revealed themselves to our opponents, because the sea was open to them, and that victories which formerly would have been absolutely decisive—and the conquest of whole kingdoms—brought us no nearer to peace.

The General went on to remark that from this it followed that "Germany must for all time to come maintain her claim to sea power." This is unquestionably true. The problem from the German point of view is "How?" The British Fleet, already preponderant in its might, will be even more so after a few more months have slipped by. At the end of one year—two years—three years—?

\* \* \*

Thus *The Times* Rotterdam correspondent, Oct. 5: "Meat, fish and the principal forms of fat have practically disappeared. Life has to be maintained on a diet consisting of practically nothing but bread and potatoes." This is not pleasant reading.



**A COMMITTEE MEETING FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S RED CROSS APPEAL**

With the Red Cross is now linked the St. John Ambulance Corps, and this meeting was held at the Mansion House. In the picture are, l. to r.: Mrs. Reginald McKenna, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, the famous actress, the Lady Mayoress (Lady Bowater) and Lord Leverhulme

## WARTIME à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



BEATRICE LILLIE (LADY PEEL)  
AT A WARTIME CABARET

Generous as ever in giving her services in any cause, Beatrice Lillie, amongst many more, helped things out tremendously at this first cabaret for A.R.P. workers, which was held last week at the Chelsea Town Hall. It was organised by the Civil Defence Committee

twenty earlier occasions when the mere news that the peculiar fellow was to harangue his followers, in the puppet Reichstag or wherever else, had cut across everybody's thoughts, plans and personal problems. Each mixture of bluster and false promise has been recorded in many languages and rushed by wireless to hundreds of millions. Every word has been weighed, every sentence analysed. Every speech has been the talk of continents. The phenomenon of Hitler-tension has been grotesque, and in the end quite intolerable.

But what potent stuff the world's attention must have been to a vegetarian teetotaler blind drunk with vanity!

Well, he has now reached his climax as the supreme generator of high-tension. He would have stayed such for several more years had it been possible to accept his plea for peace on earth and goodwill toward Nazis. But intensive war, unless it be prosecuted from the start with consistent success, has a habit of taking the limelight from those who provide the early bombast. It is focussed, instead, on the organisers of battle. This is particularly so in Germany: witness the slump in Kaiser-worship, and the rise of the Hindenburg cult, during 1915 and '16.

When the chance for a proper peace with Germany comes, the German nation are liable to turn for decision to somebody else—perhaps to Goering or Brauchitsch, perhaps to a later Commander-in-Chief not tainted with the Party's crimes and their endorsement by the General Staff. It may be that we shall still be caught now and then in the barbed wire of sudden crisis. If so, the man who can entangle us is not Hitler but Stalin, who works in secret and does not shout over the week-end wireless.

Considering what Hitler has done to us, it is surprising that we don't hate him more. There is dislike in quantity, but little of the all-out hate which his minions try to whip up against Mr. Churchill. A weekly paper continues to denote him as the Butcher of Berchtesgaden, but the nickname has not stuck. I have made an enquiry among a dozen people, of most intellectual shapes and sizes, and the worst that they called him was a ruffian, an all-fired nuisance and a pathological monster. It was all said without trace

## STUDY OF A NASTY NAZI

THESE past few weeks are the last for many months when Adolf Hitler will have been able to keep the world taut with suspense while he pronounces on this and that. There were

of passion, as though they were talking of a maniac who must be rounded up for the good of the community. And lunatics do not attract honest hate.

So, also, with the rest of the strange gang, barring one. Goering, they said, was a prize bully; but then, so were lots of Prussians. After all, he was brave, and fought cleanly in the last war, whatever he may have done since. And he was good at huntin' and shootin'. An adventurer and a bit of a scoundrel, maybe; but beyond that, the type of hearty bruiser in high places whom the English are always apt to condone.

Goebbels? They couldn't be bothered with hating the little Doktor: he was a tick, of course, and the worse being a clever little tick; but he overdid it so much that he was also a comedian. Himmler? He was too remote to cause particular feeling here, although one man said he was probably a sadist, and another that he was the type of sinister secret-policeman who gets thrown up by revolutions: like Napoleon's Fouché and Lenin's Dzerzhinsky.



GWEN FARRAR AND NANCY LOGAN ALSO OBLIGE

Two more of the clever people who made the bill for the A.R.P. cabaret at Chelsea Town Hall such a strong one. The idea was to collect enough to start a fund for providing games and sports equipment for members of the A.R.P.

The evident exception, who attracts so much dislike that it touches hate, is von Ribbentrop. He has the sort of personality that makes most English hackles rise; and behind him is the sorry record of his years in London. He was the worst Ambassador that Germany sent us in fifty years, and it was the more noticeable because he followed a charming and admirable one, von Hoesch.

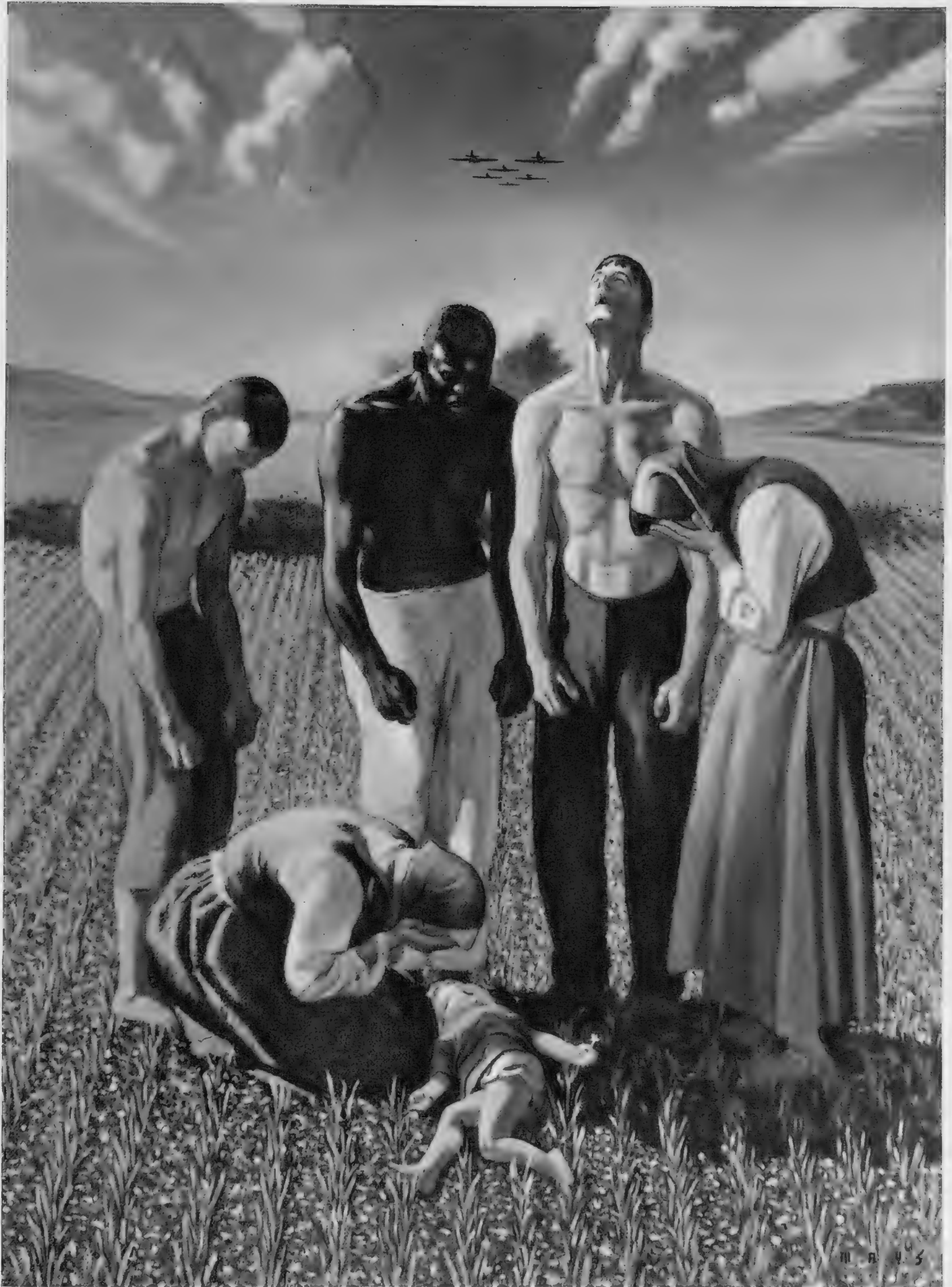
If he were less arrogant, it would not be constantly recalled that before Hitler reached power, Ribbentrop was the backstairs boy in Hitler's bargaining with woolly-headed von Papen, who sold the Nationalist pass and nearly got murdered for his pains. If he were less of a snob, it would not be counted against Ribbentrop that he was the wine-salesman who married his rich boss's daughter, and acquired from an uncle's family the right to the aristocratic "von" which

his own father did not possess. And if he were not so conceited that he believes his crudity to be brilliance, his motives might seem as much patriotic as personal.

But these threads of conceit, arrogance and snobbery have been patent ever since he came to London. He began by fawning over the famous and influential, and greeting the rest with false joviality. That was when he expected to sell us an alliance that would free Hitler's hand for grabbing six small republics, with hardly a crisis. When we declined, he still fawned over those who might be useful to him later; but elsewhere he used a hectoring arrogance to compensate for disappointment. When he left London, the official who arranged his transport came out white with suppressed anger over Ribbentrop's bullying about the supposed inefficiency of everything English.

He felt it as a bitter affront that he had failed in England. So much the worse for us: he invented the famous anti-Comintern Pact with Italy and Japan, aimed at Russia but also designed to hurt us in the Mediterranean and Asia. He wished himself, and then Hitler, into believing us an effete people who would never fight. Conceit would not let him acknowledge the appalling mistake; and short-sighted crudity led him to produce out of the diplomatic hat a pro-Comintern Pact that staggered the world but denied his master's Voice and was against his country's interests. However much Germany is now helped by Russia, she surely did not want her future to be blacked out in half the Baltic and the whole of the Black Sea. Well, Hitler's Germany does not suffer for long those who make bad mistakes. We may soon hear that something has happened to Ribbentrop. If so, no tears will here be shed for one of the nastiest of Nazis.

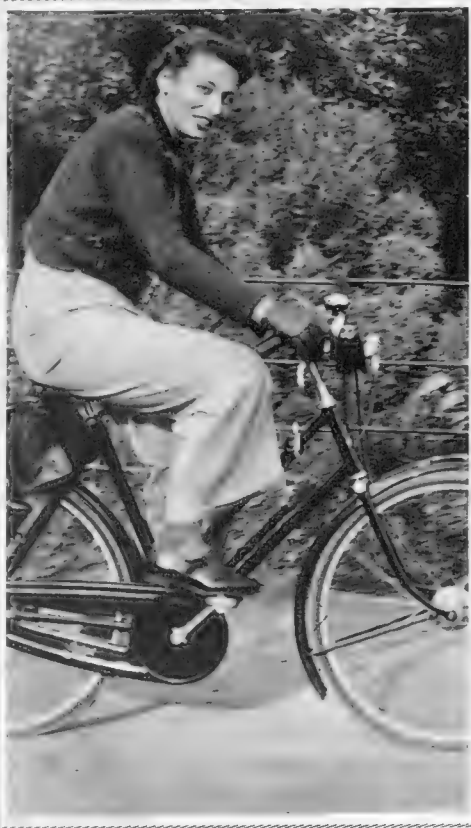




## FERTILITY AND FUTILITY

*By Mays*

## OUT AND ABOUT IN ENGLAND



LADY TREDEGAR SAVES  
PRECIOUS PETROL



THE HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON,  
JOINT-MASTER OF THE OAKLEY



W. S. BROWNLOW, MASTER  
OF THE ETON BEAGLES



THE HON. MAX AND MRS. AITKEN  
AT QUAGLINO'S



WITH THE OLD BERKELEY: MRS. BARRATT  
(FIELD-MASTER) AND MISS ROSEMARY  
BARRATT GO CUBBING



MISS MYRTLE MACLAGAN (BEHIND THE  
MASK) AND MISS ROSEMARY MACLAGAN

Whatever the German broadcasters may say, life in England goes on in the main very much as usual, as these pictures show. Here are two famous packs of foxhounds, the Eton College Beagles, and a well-known restaurant; in fact, the only warlike notes are the Hon. Max Aitken's R.A.F. uniform, Miss Myrtle MacLagan's gas-mask, and, in a lesser degree, Lady Tredegar's bicycle. Lady Tredegar's husband, the second Viscount, is Honorary Colonel of a Welsh infantry battalion. Miss Lawson-Johnston has the luck to be with a very good pack of hounds, the Oakley, which has been brought once again to what it was in Esmé Arkwright's and "Hospodar's" times, and for this Mr. "Bill" Brunskill has to be thanked. Whether he can carry on the good work now that Hitler has intervened is problematical. Mrs. Stanley Barratt, like her husband, the Master, is always beautifully mounted, and is an ideal field-master. The picture was taken at a late cubbing tryst at Coleshill, near Amersham. Miss Myrtle MacLagan, in peacetime an English International woman cricketer, is now a very busy officer in the A.T.S. When "Paddy," the dog, saw Missis in this horrible new hat, he fled as if he had just sat on a wasps' nest. The Hon. Max Aitken, R.A.F., is Lord Beaverbrook's son and heir, and his very attractive wife was Miss Cynthia Monteith





### "MID THE STEEP SKY'S COMMOTION"

Charles E. Brown

The strange beauty of the aeroplane in flight, limned against downy clouds and the never-ending sky, far above "landscape plotted and pieced, fold, fallow and plough," has seldom been so eloquently pictured as in this study of three British fighting aircraft, sentinels of our skies. Linked together, they bank and turn in formation, spectacularly displaying that aerobatic skill which is so essential a part of the air defender's equipment against the time when success in a running fight may depend on some sudden trick in expert handling. This linked flying, incomprehensibly difficult to the man on the ground, has long been a feature of R.A.F. training, and is one of those factors which go to make a superb fighting force

## A WARTIME GA

SOME WELL-KNOW



THE HON. LYDIA NOEL-BUXTON

Yevonde

In happier times the eldest of Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton's three daughters would have been presented at Court next season, but in these warlike days, when they even go so far as to cancel the Lord Mayor's Show, how can anything be pronounced upon with any certainty? When war broke out, Miss Noel-Buxton had been "finishing" in Paris, and had hoped to continue the process in Florence and Munich; but, naturally, these schemes had to be abandoned



THE HON. MRS. CLIVE C  
THE HON. SUSAN NORTH  
SOME BLACK

There are ways and ways of blacked-out night after night, as most. Mrs. Clive Graham of the late Hon. Dudley North, Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, and who is in the Navy and was numerous new cruisers but ma hectic times when our ships are upon a form of hunting which interest. From all we hear, there



# GALLERY OF SOCIETY

OWN PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



Antony Beauchamp

VE GRAHAM AND HER SISTER  
ORTH, FILLING IN THE TIRE-  
LACK-OUT HOURS

rs. of trying to forget that you are  
ight, and chess is probably as good  
ham and her sister are the daughters  
North, who died in 1936, and of the  
and sisters of the present Lord North,  
was borne in the books of one of our  
ut may be otherwise employed in these  
ps are not exactly idle and are engaged  
hich whacks any other kind for thrill and  
r, there may soon be a dearth of "foxes"



Bassano

MRS. LACHLAN GORDON DUFF

The very attractive youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Arthur Baird and Lady Hersey Baird, who is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham, was married on September 29 at Trinity Church, Haddington, to Mr. Lachlan Cecil Gordon Duff, son of the late Captain Lachlan Gordon Duff and of Mrs. Hardress Waller. Mr. Gordon Duff is on service in a very famous Highland regiment, and the wedding was attended by as many people in it as could manage to get leave

# THE ROSE

By  
MARY  
BRAND



De Silva sprawled in a chair and outlined the plan to his Lulu

MR. DE SILVA kissed his wife good morning, accepted a cup of coffee from her pudgy hand, and sat down behind the *Daily Telegraph* to think out how best he could murder her. It was two years now since they had been married, and surely the old girl had had a good enough run for her money; besides, his Lulu was getting impatient.

"There's a rose growing just underneath our balcony," said Mrs. de Silva, coming in from the strong Riviera sunshine. "Isn't that charming? Quite like our own little garden. It will be full blown by this evening and I shall wear it in my hair for our little party—the anniversary of our wedding!"

The plan seemed to be born and developed all in a moment in Mr. de Silva's mind. He would take her out that evening and make her lean over the balcony to point out the rose; then a hoist and a shove, and . . . he could see, in his mind's eye, a small and shapeless heap among the gay umbrellas and little tables far below. He could hear himself, the distracted young widower, repeating over and over again, "She must have leaned over the balcony to look at the rose. . . ." Of course, he would come into the money and therefore be open to suspicion; but they were not overlooked, and from the street it would be impossible to say what had happened: he didn't care what anyone thought as long as nobody knew.

Lulu was living in cheap lodgings in a back street of Cannes; the old girl was generous enough with her presents and readily paid his bills, but she was a bit tight with the spending money, and he had not been able to spare much for the lady of his heart. She was expecting him at eleven, and he must heave himself up and make a lot of excuses about the barber and his new shirts and a little shopping expedition which was to be a secret till that evening! Mrs. de Silva assured him that the morning was all his own; she was not even sure that she should be back to lunch, for she had promised to go to the Hotel d'Or immediately afterwards for her dancing lesson.

"You and your dancing lessons!" said de Silva, patting her roguishly. "I do believe you're falling in love with that handsome gigolo, Pierre. You're always dancing with him now."

"Well, it used to be you, dear, but you seem to have quite given up dancing since you became a married man."

"Do you remember the night at Juan when we danced the 'Blue Danube' together?" She wouldn't be with him much longer, and he could afford to be sentimental.

"That was the night you refused to take your little tip, because you said you couldn't bear the thought of money to come between us. I gave you a little gold watch the next day, to make up—do you remember?"

They sighed deliciously, and went about their various businesses. De Silva sprawled in a chair and outlined the plan to his Lulu; Mrs. de Silva lumbered round in the arms of Pierre, nodding her henna'd head in time to the music and humming with maddening inaccuracy into his ear.

"Naughty little girl," said Pierre, tightening his arm about her corseted waist. "Keep your mind on your steps and never mind the music; think about your feet now."

"How can you expect me to, Pierre, when I'm dancing with you? And how can you be so silly as to call me a little girl?"

"Well, so you are," said Pierre fatuously. "A naughty little red-haired girl, not a day over twenty. Come and sit down and tell me that you're not offended because I wouldn't accept my little *pourboire* last night. It was only because I do so hate the thought of money coming into our—friendship."

Mrs. de Silva was not in the least offended. She had brought him a dear little platinum watch, to make up.

De Silva arrived home with a beautiful (second-hand) diamond clip for her to wear in her hair. It had gone a little against the grain to spend so much money, but he could always give it to Lulu afterwards, and surely no one would suspect a man of murdering his wife if he had just bought her a diamond clip. She was delighted with her gift; all that was wanting now was the rose to tuck into it and then

(Continued on page vi.)





BUD FLANAGAN SINGING "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT JONES"



"TO SEE SUCH FUN"  
—at the Palladium.



PATRICIA LEONARD  
AND (RIGHT)  
TEDDY KNOX  
(THE QUEEN)  
AND JIMMY  
NERVO (THE  
DICTATOR) IN  
"THE LITTLE  
DOG LAUGHED"



"DORCAS"—SHERMAN-FISHER IS THE REST  
OF THE NAME

"CHANCELLOR" CHESNEY ALLEN AND "PRINCE" TEDDY KNOX, THE ROYAL DARTS SPECIALIST

This show at the Palladium will have been on a week when this appears, and it ought to run for The Duration and longer, for it is the cleverest, most topical, and funniest that George Black (part-author) has ever given us. It will be agreed most probably that the smartest effort in the whole show is "That Man Again," with Jimmy Nervo as a would-be Dictator, fond of dancers and of "protecting" minorities, Teddy Knox as one of the ruling house of a country invaded, and Chesney Allen as a "Chancellor" who at one time sold champagne. The originals concerned might even laugh, small as is their perception of humour. Bud Flanagan, another principal unit of the unbeatable Crazy Gang, has also a torrential success with his numbers, especially with "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones"; and pretty Patricia Leonard has also a big success. She joined the cast in place of Adelaide Stanley (the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock), who was called up for war service while the show was still on in Brighton



## DUTY CALLS

PASSING through a village street a recruiting sergeant met a young farm-hand delivering milk.

"Now, my lad, wouldn't you like to serve the King?"

"I would, mister," replied the other, "but owing to the rationing I can only let him have a quart at night an' a pint in the morning."

Tommy was coming up the camp road looking utterly miserable. He met his chum.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend. "You look as though you'd swallowed half-a-dozen beetles."

"Well, mate; you see, it's like this. I got into trouble yesterday, and I expect I'll have C.B."

"Don't be silly," said his chum. "Look here, I'll swear you weren't there. If I have to swear it over half-a-dozen Bibles, I'll swear you weren't there."

Later on, the Tommy who feared C.B. told the padre all about it, and ended up with: "I don't know what you think about it, sir, but that's what I call Christianity."

"You have lived a life of crime," said the magistrate.

"When did you last do any honest work?"

"Ten years ago, sir," replied the man in the dock.

"Work will be provided," said the magistrate grimly.

"Six months' hard labour."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Sleep in or out?"

In a certain hospital in the provinces during the last war a boy in blue who had lost a leg was playing billiards and hopping around the table with marvellous agility. At last came a difficult shot, for which he got on the table and did the trick jolly well.

Turning round afterwards he said: "I couldn't have done that if I'd had my leg."

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

They were rehearsing for a big revue production and the rehearsal was for ten o'clock. The entire company had assembled, including some famous principals, the author, producer, stage director—in fact, everybody except one young woman who had been given a few lines to speak at the suggestion of someone financially interested in the show.

Her arrival was awaited with growing impatience, and the producer was irritably consulting a handsome gold hunter for the twentieth time.

At last the delinquent, pretty as a picture, tripped on to the stage and, with what was doubtless intended for a disarming smile, greeted the company with a cheery "Good morning, everybody!"

The producer stalked over to her and, holding out his watch, said: "Good morning! Now just have a look at this!"

Taking it from his hand, she exclaimed: "Oh! Isn't it lovely? Was it a presentation?"

A man went to see his doctor about a pain in his back. This pain had been troubling him all the morning. The doctor gave him the once-over, and in a few seconds the pain had vanished.

The patient was overjoyed, and said: "By Jove, doctor, that's quick work! What was it—rheumatism?"

The doctor smiled. "No," he replied, "your braces were twisted."

"They haven't blown 'Lights Out' yet, sir!" said the sergeant to the young orderly officer.

"Oh, haven't they?" came the reply. "Well, you might blow them out for me, will you?"



A.R.P. WARDEN: "Here are your gas-masks—large size for you and your wife, and three small ones for the children."

SCOTSMAN: "Hush! Not so loud about them—the kids' masks, I mean—I'm putting them in their stockings for Christmas."



# FILMS TO ENTERTAIN YOU, BLACK-OUT OR NOT!



BARBARA STANWYCK AND JOEL McCREA  
IN "UNION PACIFIC"



IN "ON YOUR TOES": ZORINA AND CHARLES LASKY  
IN THE ZENOBIA DANCE



JANICE LOGAN, YOUNG STARLET  
IN "DR. CYCLOPS"

A few pictures which will keep off boredom and help to put Adolf's childish Hymn of Hate and other bits of braggadocio in their right places. Cecil de Mille's second "Western," *Union Pacific*, is to be generally released on November 13. As many know who have seen it before, it is a real good story of the pioneer days of the great railway, and Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea have parts that give them the chance they always deserve. *On Your Toes*, in which that very attractive Zorina plays Vera, the dancer, is a Warner Brothers First National picture. Janice Logan, the young Paramount star, won her spurs in the gangster story *Undercover Doctor*, and she now plays opposite lead to Albert Dekker in the Paramount Technicolor production *Dr. Cyclops*. Harpo, Groucho and Chico have one right into their hands in the new M.-G.-M. picture *A Day at the Circus*



HARPO MARX AND A CIGAR-END  
IN "A DAY AT THE CIRCUS"



# M.P.s MEET TURKISH MILITARY MISSION



THE MEMBER FOR PEMBROKE  
AND MRS. LLOYD-GEORGE



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD BIRDWOOD, GEN. KIAZIM  
ORBAY AND MME. ORBAY



HOST AND HOSTESS: CAPTAIN  
AND MRS. LEONARD PLUGGE



LADY MARCHWOOD WITH  
LADY DAVIDSON, M.P.



THE FRENCH MILITARY ATTACHÉ  
AND MME. LELONG



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD SACKVILLE  
AND LADY SACKVILLE

Most welcome to our shores at this moment have been the members of the Turkish Military Mission under General Kiazim Orbay. They were welcomed to this country two weeks ago by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, whose imposing military record includes command of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. Among the many functions which have been interspersed with the official conversations General Orbay—generally considered one of the “Big Three” of the Turkish Army—and his colleagues have been holding, was a dinner, given by Captain Leonard Plugge, Member for Chatham, and Mrs. Plugge to meet M.P.s of all parties, at which these pictures were taken. Major Gwilym Lloyd-George, Member for Pembrokeshire and son of our last war P.M., was in France with the Gunners during the last scrap, and is now serving with an A.A. unit. Lady Marchwood was married in 1905 to the then Mr. F. G. Penny, who was last year created Lord Marchwood. Lady Davidson’s husband has been, amongst other things, private secretary to Lord Crewe and Mr. Bonar Law. Lady Davidson has sat for Hemel Hempstead since 1937. Major-General Lord Sackville did his regimental service with the 60th, served in both the South African and First German wars



# BEAUTY in Question & Answer...

**Q** *Like most of my friends, I haven't a minute to spare. What can I do to safeguard my skin in the present conditions? Is there any routine I can follow that will keep it fresh, smooth and lovely without taking up too much of my time?*

**A** It's always important to lay the foundations of beauty. It's more important than ever in a period of worry and rush and strain. Every morning and every night, you should continue to Cleanse, Tone and Nourish with Ardena Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Orange Skin Food or Velva Cream. Those three letters C.T.N. sum up Elizabeth Arden's most valuable beauty message to modern women!

Ardena Cleansing Cream	-	4/6 to 22/6
Ardena Skin Tonic	-	4/- to 80/-
Ardena Velva Cream	-	4/6 to 22/6
Ardena Orange Skin Food	-	4/6 to 35/-

**Q** *And Elizabeth Arden believes in "Beauty as usual"? Tell me, has she any new exciting lipstick shade to harmonize with the latest Autumn and winter colours?*

**A** Certainly she has! And Burnt Sugar is its name. A very warm, almost a tawny, colour—just right for the new browns, wines, taupes and the big exciting family of greens. Incidentally, it's the *perfect* shade to wear with Khaki.

Burnt Sugar Lipstick, 6/6	Rouge, 5/6, 8/6
Nail Polish - - - - -	4/6

**Q** *Can I keep my make-up smooth, clear and faultless through the day even though I have to rush about all over the country?*

**A** Yes, Elizabeth Arden powders are specially produced to give your complexion a delicate velvety bloom... And, of course, there's the important problem of what foundation to use. The new Ardena All-Day Foundation Cream keeps your make-up fresh and attractive-looking right round the clock. Smooth it on lightly under your powder... See how soft and transparent is the effect it produces! It's wonderful too for hiding a sudden blemish...

Ardena All-Day Foundation Cream - 5/6

LET ELIZABETH ARDEN SOLVE YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS

*Elizabeth Arden*

25 OLD BOND STREET W 1





## A WAR WEDDING AT NEWBURY



MISS DIANA LLOYD AND MR.  
RICHARD ST. JOHN QUARRY,  
BRIDE AND GROOM



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARRY HULBERT  
AND MRS. GEORGE ALDRICH



GENERAL THE HON. SIR RICHARD  
MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY AND  
MRS. PHILLIPS



FLT.-LT. HUMPHREY BEVAN AND MRS.  
HORACE LLOYD, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER



MRS. LOUIS SIMONDS (RIGHT),  
DAUGHTER ERICA, AND MRS. MERVYN  
HAMILTON-FLETCHER



MR. AND MRS. GEOFFREY BAKER  
AT THE RECEPTION

Thanks to the present situation, the village church at Highclere, near Newbury, saw a distinguished company assembled for the wedding of Miss Diana Lloyd and Mr. Richard St. John Quarry. The wedding should have taken place at St. George's, Hanover Square, according to original plan. The reception was held at Ferne, home of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Horace Lloyd, parents of the bride, who wore the lovely dress originally intended for the London ceremony, while the bridegroom, as are many nowadays, was in uniform. Colonel Lloyd, the bride's father, was at Mons, as Adjutant of the Northampton in 1914, and was later on the General Staff. Mrs. George Aldrich, sister-in-law of the bride, came all the way from County Mayo. Mrs. Harry Hulbert is an aunt of Sir Anthony Meyer, who is Captain of the Oppidans at Eton this half. General the Hon. Sir Richard Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, next-door neighbour to the Lloyds, is an uncle of the Earl of Wharnccliffe. Erica, the small daughter of Mrs. Louis Simonds, declined her duties as an attendant and resolutely refused to follow the bride up the aisle. Mrs. Hamilton-Fletcher was Agatha Carroll, the actress, before her marriage. Her appropriate success in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* will be remembered.





## TEA TATTLE...

talk to the tinkle of tea cups... fashion's foibles... friends' flirtations... the Johnsons' new house and the Andersons' old quarrel... inevitably comes the subject of stockings... still more inevitably the blessings of Bear Brand... their helpful habit of making legs look slimmer, more lovely... their comforting custom of lasting longer than you dared to hope. On this subject, at least, there is unanimity... Bear Brand stockings hold sway wherever fashionwise folk foregather.

# Bear Brand STOCKINGS

3/11 • 4/11 • 5/11 • 6/11 • 8/11



*Spectator Models*



# AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## All Change.

THERE are multitudes of tidiers and untidiers, arrangers and disarrangers, organisers and disorganisers, whereas the leave-well-aloners are rare. There seems to be something challenging about the *status quo*; something impudently asking for displacement, like the fan of a fan-dancer. Let a person buy a new house and he will incontinently want to make it appear old; let him buy an old house and he will wish to renovate it. Aeroplanes looked as if they were settling down to a good old, ivy-grown formula. They looked as if they had reached the time of life when change, if it occurred at all, would be a long and almost imperceptible process. All aeroplanes became alike: a body, a pair of wings and a tail, with seats inside the body to take the people.

But now there have appeared the restless thinkers and experimenters who must be constantly searching for improvement. They want to knock the aeroplane about a bit; to put the wings where the tail used to be, or to abolish the tail, or put the people inside the wings and abolish the body. I suppose one of the most sensational of the changes that have been proposed is that just put forward in a certain monthly publication which modesty forbids me to name. It is for a tail-less single-seater aeroplane—it would be equally well adapted for a racing

slimmer nacelle to be arranged round him, but he also is then able to take his *manœuvre* medicine in more massive doses without wincing. This medicine is known as "g,"



Pearl Freeman

### MISS SHEILA TAYLOR

England's youngest Volunteer in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Miss Taylor is nineteen and is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Taylor, of Knutford, Danes Hill, Woking. Mr. Taylor is late of Calcutta and is Managing Director of Carreras (India), Ltd.

and is related to the force of gravity. Fly straight and level, and the pilot is acted upon by the ordinary force of gravity. It keeps him down in his seat with his own weight. But fly round in circles, with the aeroplane steeply banked and moving fast, and up goes "g." In effect, the pilot becomes "heavier." This "g" will be multiplied twice over on quite a gentle turn, and with the fast aeroplanes of to-day going round on a small radius, it will soar until it gets so high that it first blacks the pilot out and then knocks him out or makes him unconscious. Now it is a huge advantage if the pilot can take a lot of "g," and it has been found that the human frame is so constructed that it can take more "g" when it is prone than when it is sitting up. Hence the proposal for the ultra-high speed, ultra-manœuvrable aircraft of the future, with the pilot extended on his stomach or backside hurtling through the air as if in some lofty and velocious bed. It's a good idea, and actually, when one has overcome the initial shock, there seems nothing to quarrel about.

### Prophets Without Honour.

It is impossible not to be impatient with the authorities when some pilot of vast experience and noted skill is studiously dissuaded by the Air Ministry from having anything to do with the Royal Air Force. In one instance one of the best pilots in this country—a man with more experience of flying different types, of test work, of racing, of record-breaking, and of long-distance flying than anybody outside about twelve other people in the world—sought to obtain a place in British aviation wherein he could help his country. He did not require a high post; he merely wanted to be given something to do, to be allowed to help. His applications, however, were eminently unsuccessful. The Air Ministry, it seemed, did not want him. He offered and re-offered himself with his unique flying experience, until finally the Air Ministry gave way. He thereupon received a letter instructing him to report at the nearest labour exchange!



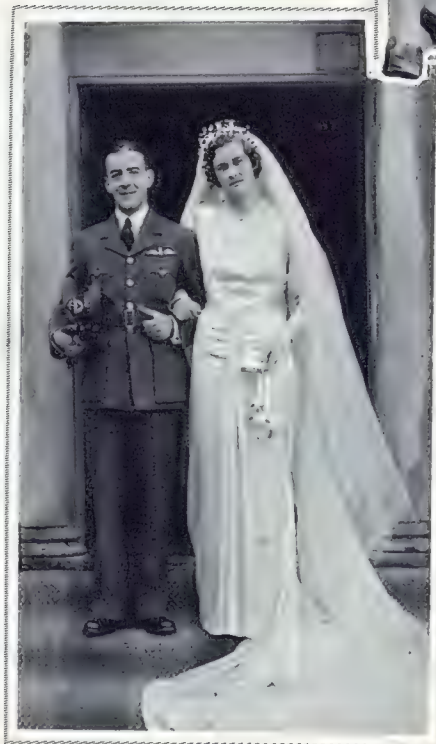
### RUGGER STARS WATCH LONDON SCOTTISH BEAT HARLEQUINS

The well-knowns are Mrs. Gadney, Captain Salamson, Pilot-Officer C. H. Gadney, most famous of referees, and Lt.-Commander Jones, R.N., the three Services watching the London Scottish come up with a rush and beat the Harlequins 13 points to 10 at Richmond

machine or a military machine—in which the pilot lies down at full length.

### Getting Round "g."

The pilot is not arranged like that because the designer thinks that he might be tired, poor lad, and want to stretch himself and rest. No; the pilot is required to abandon the sedentary posture of civilisation, and to change himself from a sitter to a liar, for a very practical reason. It is that in the prone position he not only offers less resistance to forward motion and enables a



Cyril Howe

### FLYING-OFFICER AND MRS. GORDON KENT

Taken just after their wedding at St. Thomas a' Becket's Church, Box, last week. The bride is the only daughter of Captain A. C. Stewart, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Stewart, of Ashley Manor, Box, and a cousin of Major Victor Cazalet, the Member for Chippenham. F/O Kent is the elder son of the Rev. and Mrs. Frank Kent. The Vicar of Box, the Rev. A. F. Mallin, and the Rev. Frank Kent were the officiating clergy





The unique richness of  
Damask accentuates the  
moulded bodice and full  
bouffant skirt of this  
distinguished Hostess Coat  
with zipp-fastening front.  
In exquisite shades from  
the Negligee Salon.

7 guineas.

*Harrods*  
Harrods Ltd  
London SW1





Truman Howell

#### WELSH RUGBY CRACKS WHO ARE NOW SOLDIERING

A snapshot taken after they had been playing a seven-a-side Soccer match—of all things!—for the unit they have joined, against another local team somewhere in Great Britain

The names make interesting reading, and go like this: (l. to r.) Rifleman W. G. Jones (Newport and Welsh Trial player), Rifleman B. Gough (Newport, Pontypool and Pill Harriers), Rifleman C. Travers (Newport and Pill Harriers), Lieut. Ivor Williams (Cardiff, Gloucester, and a member of the British team that toured South Africa a year ago), Rifleman W. Travers (this year's captain of Newport Rugby Club, a Welsh International and member of the British team to tour South Africa), Rifleman E. Coleman, and Rifleman L. Paul—two more Newport players

#### Petrol Hoarding Danger.

**P**EOPLE who hide stores of hoarded petrol about their houses are foolish as well as unpatriotic. For as often as not the means used for storing the fuel are unsuitable and liable to leak. So that sooner or later there's a chance of a first-rate fire or blow-up occurring. And in this case you can't put it down to the I.R.A., enemy spies or any other wartime bogey.

If petrol has to be stored in bulk, it should be kept in proper petrol tins, and its location should be some distance from a house—for which reason the hoarders who have buried their supplies in the garden have at least shown some common sense.

#### Hoarders' Wind-up.

**T**wo true stories of bashful hoarders amused me. The first concerned a motorist who, upon reading about the awful penalties inflicted on other hoarders, decided to confess. Accordingly, the motorist went to the local garage, explained everything, and asked for advice on the best course of action to pursue. At the conclusion of the confession the motorist happened to turn round and discovered the back view of the local constable checking-up recent petrol sales in a corner of the office. For a moment all three remained silent, and then burst out laughing. This story ends with the bobby advising the motorist to go home and say no more about it.

The other yarn starts with a car in a very northerly island. The problem facing its owner was how to bring it 500-600 miles south in a couple of days on a fuel ration that allowed him one-third of that mileage in a month. Well, the tank and certain other contrivances hidden in the rear compartment were mysteriously filled on the island. No questions were asked on the boat, or, at any rate, if they were, the petrol remained on the car. Eventually the mainland was reached.

The decanting operation after the main tank was exhausted presented some difficulty. Obviously large-scale operations of this sort were inadvisable in full view on the main road. So the driver had to wait till dusk, discover a suitable hide-out in a side lane, and then, with the aid of a long rubber tube, suck the petrol out of the inner containers, and so syphon their contents into the main tank. Thirty hours later he arrived home in triumph.

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

#### Car-making in Coventry.

**C**ars are still being made and sold in Coventry, where Rovers are reported to be turning out 100 vehicles a week, while Standards and S.S. are also producing. The Rover effort, following on a year of record success, is a striking tribute to the Company's policy of building a car to be the best in its class and then being able to command a remunerative price for it. For some years now the knowledgeable people of Coventry—and they should know, for the whole place is steeped in motoring technique and gossip—have unhesitatingly placed Rovers among the best cars made in the City of Three Spires. Public experience has endorsed the experts' views, and the fact that the Company has been able to stick to a basically sound design for some years has resulted in its steadily mounting profits.

Standards are not only building cars for export, but also for the home market. Indeed, their last month's sales were stated to be some 60 per cent. of the sales for September 1938.

#### A Line on Publicity.

**A** publicity manager with whom I discussed trade prospects and developments made two interesting and apparently contradictory statements. The first was that if manufacturers had no cars to sell there was no object in advertising them. And the second was that he believed that what is called "reminder" advertising—that is, keeping one's name before the public, if only at intervals—was a good thing and would bring results when the present trouble blew over. I agreed with his second remark. Presumably, new cars will be required by a section of the public even in wartime, while after the war the demand must increase. I do not believe for an instant, as someone else suggested, that people will get so used to walking and using other means of transport that they will have lost their car-mindedness after the war. However poor they may be, the ownership of a car will still be their greatest desire. And for this they will be prepared to sacrifice many other amenities, just as they have done in the past.



#### WARTIME GOVERNOR'S CUP DAY IN POONA

H.E. Sir Roger Lumley, who succeeded Lord Brabourne as Governor of Bombay in 1937, is on the extreme left of the group, and Lady Lumley third from the right, next to one of their Excellencies' daughters. The other people in the picture were not named. Sir Roger Lumley is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Scarbrough. The Poona Autumn meeting is one of the pleasantest in all India, and is usually attended by everyone within hail who can get leave



We invite you to  
come and see our

# **NEW FASHION SALONS**



Write  
for  
Catalogue

Attractive Coat fashioned in smooth  
finished novelty wool material dis-  
playing the new full front smartly  
trimmed with Grey or Brown Indian  
Lamb or Black Persian Lamb richly  
lined throughout with crêpe de Chine  
and quilted to waist. In Plum, Green,  
Air Force Blue, Navy, and Black.

S.W., W., and F.W. **14 GNS.**

# **Dickins & Jones**

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



*In line... and in luxury...  
the coat of the year!*

An example from the 1940 Motoluxe Coat  
Collection. Prices range from 5 to 10 Gns.



**THE "MOTOLUXE" FOOT-MUFF**  
When not in use as a foot-muff it can **45/-**  
be used as a cushion or useful hold-all  
Also fitted with pocket at base containing  
hot-water bottle : : : from 50/-



**THE "CLIP-ON" RUG**  
Banishes all the trouble and discomfort of  
"tucking the rug round." On and off in  
an instant. In a variety **20/- to 55/-**  
of shades and materials.

## **MOTOLUXE RUGS**

are obtainable in many colourings to  
tone with every kind of upholstery. The  
pile can never mat or look shabby.  
In nine specified standard **5½ Gns.**  
shades : : : : :  
Special shades and Super Quality

**6, 6½ and 7 Gns**  
With special muff pockets for the hands  
**10/6 extra**

The lady shown is wearing a cosy  
Motoluxe Coat in Nutria cloth with a  
detachable hood in the same fabric.  
The man is wearing a standard Motoluxe  
Coat at 10 Gns.

Gloves by Fownes to match the coats,  
21/- to 27/6.



EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL



Stocked by high class shops  
throughout Gt. Britain. If in  
difficulty write to the manu-  
facturers: **LEE BROS. (OVERWEAR)  
LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS,  
REGINA ST., LONDON, N.W.1**

The Coziest  
of Coats

Wholesale Distributors for  
Motoluxe Coats, **LANSDELL  
& WILLSON LTD., 24, ST.  
GEORGE ST., LONDON, W.1**

# The Highway of Fashion

BY M.E. BROOKE



THE Hat Bar at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, is really a very busy place, as the cost of all these important accessories is never more than a guinea. For a slight additional cost a luminous flower may be added. Simple and practical are the models portrayed on this page. The felt one at the top of the group is trimmed with ribbon, the brim arranged to form a peak. It is 25s. 9d., while the one below is 29s. 6d. The rather more decorative "pill box" model is also entirely composed of felt

THE very smart tailored suit on the left comes from Lillywhites, who have showrooms at Piccadilly Circus and Brompton Road. It is of light-weight wool tweed and costs six guineas, including scarf and handkerchief. The front pleats are cleverly stitched, hence a narrow line is achieved. The shoes are arranged with a sliding fastening and elastic front. By the way, this firm has just brought out a very comprehensive catalogue, which will be gladly sent gratis and post free and should certainly be consulted

WARTIME novelties are daily appearing, among them being luminous gas-mask carriers; they are ingenious and useful. Many will ask what are "curb finders." Well, they are black walking sticks decorated with rings of white luminous paint; they are merely 5s. A new siren suit has made its début. Of course the fabricating medium is of wool, and there are capacious pockets. A strong point in its favour is that it is constructed on the same lines as a baby's sleeping suit with a draped sash



# THE CASE OF THE DIAMOND FINGERTIPS



**L**ADY X ran a canteen. And also a socks-for-soldiers knitting bee. She sold *thousands* of flags on Flag Day. She was the highlight of blackout parties. And not one of her friends had ever detected the tiniest flaw, chip, crack or peel in her lustrous nail polish. She might, as an envious friend remarked, have dipped her nails in diamonds. In fact, of course, she was an almost fanatical devotee of Peggy Sage—just because Peggy Sage creates polishes for ladies of taste and no leisure—polishes that wear, almost literally, like diamonds—yet in texture, above their gleaming, crystal base, Peggy Sage's polishes are creamy soft, with a veiled lustre, and subtlety of tone that can match or spice provocatively one's winter frocks and make-up colours.

## TALKING OF COLOUR

Peggy Sage's HEARTBREAK is a provocative pink, violet-toned, to wear with all the cyclamens, fuchsias, mauvy pinks and violets. NOSEGAY is soft and sentimental—wear it at supper parties à deux. GOLDRUSH is wonderful with browns—and with Gunners' uniforms!

*You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters*



*Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist.*

## SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. (at Corner of Grosvenor Street)  
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME • NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

# SHOPPING By Post at MARSHALL & SNELGROVE



Proofed corduroy Slacks, cleverly cut. In burnt sugar, rose tan, honey, navy, nigger and biscuit.

All sizes.

**39/6**

Woven wool Shirts, zipped neck with collar. Colours: Wine, grey, navy and blue.

**14/11**

A Newquay production. A knitted Siren Suit (easy and quick to slip into), finished with knitted anklets for absolute warmth. Colours: Navy, poppy, black, laval blue and Burgundy. Size W.X., **59/6**

Sizes S.W. and W. **55/9**

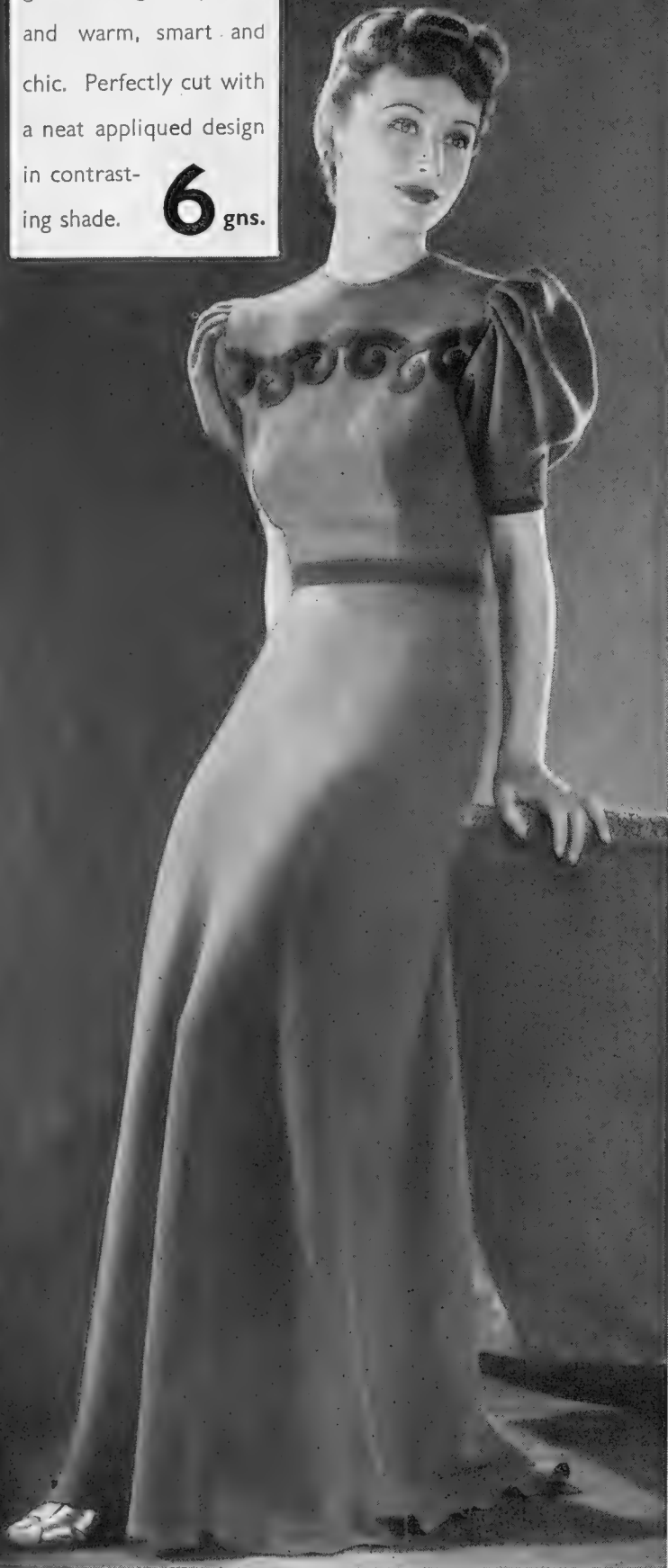
"The Warble" Suit in a fine all wool. This tailored all-in-one suit is smart and serviceable for any emergency. With or without hood. In navy only. Sizes 36 to 42 in.

With hood. **63/-**  
Without hood, **59/6**



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE  
OXFORD STREET  
W.1.

A wool Angora dinner-gown, delightfully cosy and warm, smart and chic. Perfectly cut with a neat appliqued design in contrasting shade. **6** gns.



**Walpoles**  
EXQUISITE LINENS EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

87-91 NEW BOND ST., W.I. 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH ST.



PRIZEWINNING ST. BERNARDS  
Property of Mrs. Graydon Bradley

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Owners of dogs are behaving very sensibly and have in few cases given way to panic. Of course breeding should be restricted, but this will probably come of itself, as there will not be the same demand for dogs. Many of us find the society of our dogs a great help in these troublous times and also now the blackout is everywhere, a big dog is a safeguard to those who have to be out late. The absence of cars makes it much easier and pleasanter to take one's dog out, and one person, at all events, finds it a pleasure to see the pony carts and dog carts coming into their own again, if only it were not for the cause! It is amusing to see the younger generation's surprise at the idea of driving; riding would be all right but they have never driven or been driven. So quickly things change.

The St. Bernard is one of the largest and biggest breeds. He has a romantic past, as is well known to every one. There was at one time a tendency to concentrate on his head, and leave the rest of him to take care of itself. This is now altered and soundness counts as it should. It is not an easy matter to get these very heavy dogs sound, but Mrs. Graydon Bradley has done so. She also gives great attention to their dispositions; all her dogs are at times in the house, and all are treated as companions and do not spend their time alone in yards, as is so often the fate of large dogs.

The result is that they are all intelligent, affectionate and good tempered. Mrs. Graydon Bradley has done a great deal for the breed of which she is so fond, and St. Bernard owners owe her a debt of gratitude.

Mrs. Clayton Swan is one of those who is going to keep her kennels going, and a good thing, too. The King Charles Spaniel is not only a charming little dog in himself but has a long and distinguished history. The photograph is of Ch. Ashtonmore Lovesong, one of the kennel's most famous inmates.

He is a lovely little dog, and as his prefix shows, was previously the property of the late Mrs. Raymond Mallock. Mrs. Clayton Swan brings up her King Charles on sensible lines; they run in and out all day and go for long country walks, as a result they are hardy and intelligent. She keeps all four colours and in normal times, usually has puppies for disposal.

Another small dog, this time the Brussels Griffon. He originally emanated from Brussels, and was a great favourite in the nineties with the then Queen of the Belgians, who always had several with her. He has been known in England for many years. The Brussels Griffon is a very brainy little dog, of an alert and inquiring disposition. He is an imported "toy" dog, with very little or no sporting instinct.

On the other hand, he can be trained very easily to do amusing tricks, and in this respect is a very admirable companion. He usually weighs from six to nine pounds, and is noteworthy for his human expression. Mrs. Bridle specializes in miniature Griffons and also, it may be added, in brainy ones. Her team is well known to all showgoers for their remarkable displays in obedience tests, where they compete on equal terms with Alsatis. One of the most famous is the tiny Tough Guy, who is very like his name in character. The photograph on left, is of one of his sons, aged six months.

Mrs. Bridle lives in a safe zone and would take a few small pets to board; owners could be sure they would have every attention.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CH. ASHTONMORE LOVESONG  
Property of Mrs. Clayton Swan



BRUSSELS GRIFFON  
Property of Mrs. Bridle



# From our NEW Sports Salon

... where the smart young  
moderns will be thrilled with  
excitement by the really lovely  
collection of sports clothes.



Tailored wool tweed slacks in  
medium Grey with shirt in stripes  
and checks to tone. The com-  
bination of these two make for  
attractive and warm winter wear.

Price  
complete  $5\frac{1}{2}$  Gns.

## Dickins & Jones

LTD.

REGENT STREET, W.1

# From Bradleys Winter Collection

BRADLEYS invite your in-  
spection of their Winter col-  
lection of original Model Furs  
now being shown in the Salons.  
They have prepared a large  
and varied stock of Ready-for-  
Wear Coats, Wraps, etc., all of  
which have been made in  
their own workrooms and are  
characterized by originality of  
design and the finest work-  
manship.

Although holding certain  
stocks purchased at pre-rise  
prices they strongly urge in  
the interest of customers, that  
fur orders be placed without  
delay, as rises in price must  
inevitably take place as the  
Season advances.

The model illustrated in black  
dyed Moleskin is priced at  
52 gns. It can also be had in  
black dyed Russian Ermine.



A catalogue will be gladly sent on request

*Chepstow Place, W.2.*

BAYswater 1200.

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## November Weddings.

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will take place on November 25, between Mr. Eric Charles Kendall Sadler, only son of Mr. H. R. Sadler, of 7 Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1, and Miss Morva Davies, eldest daughter of Mrs. D. J. Davies and the late Mr. Davies, of Northenden, Hythe, Kent. The marriage arranged between Mr. George H. Payne and Miss Rhona Bamford will take place on November 4 at Westcott Church.

## Saturday

**Wedding.**  
The wedding will take place on Saturday at Adel Church, near Leeds, of Mr. Peter Walker and Miss Patricia Paul.

Studholme Brownrigg, only daughter of Admiral Sir Studholme and Lady Brownrigg, of Admiralty House, Chatham, and Mr. John Earl Scotland, R.N., elder son of Paymaster Captain and Mrs. Scotland, of Whin Cottage, Beaconsfield; Miss Phoebe Rollo Howitt, youngest daughter of Dr. A. B. Howitt, C.V.O., M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Howitt, of 15 Chesham Street,

Belgrave Square, S.W., and Wolfhall Manor, Marlborough, Wilts, and Mr. James Charles Hollebone of 64 Cadogan Square, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Hollebone, of Hadley Wood, Herts; Miss Angie de Walterstorff, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Walterstorff, of 21 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3, and Second Lieutenant Robin Hamlin Hill Archer, elder son of Mrs. Hill Archer, of 49 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1; Miss Muriel Price, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Price, of 5, Elm Grove, Taunton, and Pilot-Officer Guy Courtney Conran, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Conran, of Hurlingham, Buenos Aires; Miss Diana Beryl Spooner, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. G. Spooner, of Woodlands, Ruislip, Middlesex, and Squadron-Leader Arthur Douglas Messenger, son of the late Mr. A. D. Messenger, and Mrs. L. A. Hunt, of Flowerdown, Dovercourt Bay, Essex.



MRS. B. C. R. SHACKLETON

The former Miss Joan Margaret Wane, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wane, of Kendal, who was married recently to Mr. Bryan Cecil Rickards Shackleton, younger son of the late Rev. G. R. Shackleton and Mrs. Shackleton, of Lancing



MRS. EDWARD HILDYARD

The former Miss Pauline Mansel Morgan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn Morgan, of Anglesey, who was married recently to Mr. Edward Westgarth Hildyard, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard, of Horsley Hall, Co. Durham

BRITISH INDUSTRY  
*must go on*

Are today carrying on as in 1914-1918

Specialising in:

Bed and Table Linen : Towels, Blankets,  
Handkerchiefs, etc. : Dresses and Blouses

The customary Autumn Sale is being proceeded with and many odd lines at Bargain Prices are obtainable during October. Customers are urged to take full advantage of this opportunity and not to wait until present stocks are exhausted.

London Showrooms:

WILLIAM COULSON & SONS, 105 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

## Garrould's

For Smart, Distinctive & Practical  
Service Uniforms

No other store has such a large or varied range of modern and exclusive designs.

OWING TO THE INCREASED COST OF MATERIALS, THE PRICES IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT ARE LIABLE TO AN ADVANCE WITHOUT NOTICE

## MABEL

This well cut garment in Wool Fancy Suiting with semi-fitting bodice has box pleat either side. Front of bodice opens down to waist. Chromium-plated buttons. V-neck. The skirt has inverted pleat centre of back stitched down, opening twelve inches at bottom. Front has two pleats either side stitched down, opening at bottom. Colours: Green, Brown, Wine, Royal, Navy and Black.

Women's sizes 36/11

## APRON 792

In a dainty flower designed Damask Organdie. The bib and skirt are pleated, finished with long, plain ties

Cap 506. To match apron

Set 253. For semi-V-neck



E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2





Pagan health had no 'war of nerves' to fight. Indeed, the human constitution is not fitted to stand the strain to which we are now subjected. The article below shows how science, in the shape of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, upholds nature in this unequal struggle.

# How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

Many a doctor frankly admits that, even in peace time, the stress and strain of modern life is too much for the average nervous system to bear. It is good to know, therefore, that science can help us to stand the *extra* strain, the *extra* stress, the *extra* responsibility and work which we all cheerfully accept in war time.

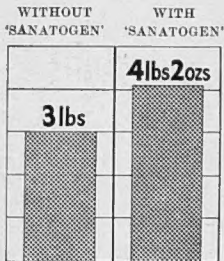
"In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors, "there are many things we do not know about the nervous system and its ailments. But there is one thing we *do* know: that to maintain that system at its maximum efficiency it must be fed with organic phosphorus and protein."

That is why 25,000 doctors have praised 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It provides these two nerve-nourishing elements in their richest, most easily assimilable form. The organic phosphorus feeds the brain, nourishes and repairs worn nerves. The protein helps to build rich, new blood. It creates resistance to infection and illness. It replaces deficiencies in a war-time diet. It shortens convalescence. It puts new life into every man and woman.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, consult your doctor about a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. But don't wait until your nerves have got the better of you. 'Sanatogen' is more economical, even more effective as a preventive. You and your family should start an eight weeks' course *now* and face whatever is coming with confidence.

## PROOF. How 'Sanatogen' builds bodies

A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs." A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.



# 'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate

## NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Regd. Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire. A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT.

EASY  
TO  
WEAR



# The Trouser House Gown

IN FRENCH ANGORA

The full trouser gives a skirt effect with pleats in front. Tailored bodice with stitched tie collar and Zipp front. In saxe, mahogany, green, navy, sage. From 5½ gns.

SHOP HOURS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE:  
MON. TO FRI. 9-5.30. SATS. 9-1

# Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

**Mr Can't:** 'I feel that life has let me down.'



**Mr Can:** 'That's because you don't let **Eno's** set you up!'

The difference between a calm cheery Mr Can and a jittery Mr Can't is quite simple. *Mr Can takes Eno's first thing every morning.* Away go the poisons from his bloodstream, the liver-spots from his eyes — that yawny, nervy, good-for-nothing feeling vanishes in a minute . . . If there is one sensible rule for wartime fitness it's this: keep your bloodstream clean and your nerves invigorated with a sparkling morning glass of Eno's!

**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**

- Enos costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists
- The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

**"The Rose"**—(Continued from page 86)

she would be ready to go downstairs. Mr. de Silva began to think that murder was really the easiest thing in the world; they went out to the balcony and leaned over the edge.

There was a push and a heave and a terrible cry. Far, far below, little people detached themselves from toy tables, emerged from beneath midget umbrellas and ran towards the crumpled form. *Hélas, hélas! Quel horreur!* Fetch the ambulance; inform the police; throw over it the tablecloth of the hotel. . . .

The police burst into the suite. There, sure enough, was the distracted form upon the couch with clenched hands and disordered hair, in a storm of crocodile tears. Amid wild sobbing the police extracted the terrible story.

"He must have leaned over the balcony to look at the rose," began Mrs. de Silva.

\* \* \*

**ROUND ABOUT NOTES**

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week there is a big attraction in that outstanding success *Dear Octopus* with Miss Marie Tempest in her original part, together with most of the original cast and production from the West End where it had such a long run. Next week, October 23, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which drew full houses to the Globe right up to the eve of war, will be presented.

\* \* \*

The well-known Ford Films, which have for many years been a source of interest and entertainment to motorists and the general public, are now doing their bit on national service. They are helping to provide much appreciated relaxation for the troops now in training in many parts of the country. Upon the outbreak of war the resources of the Ford Film Library were placed at the disposal of the various organizations arranging entertainment for the soldiers. The library contains over one hundred films, many of them of a semi-humorous and general interest type, which can be chosen to form a complete programme in themselves or to supplement a general programme.

\* \* \*

The Friends of the Poor (temporary address, Laversham Hall, Windlesham, Surrey) urgently need £10 in order to give assistance to an old gentleman, aged ninety. He has just lost his wife and the blow of her death has been very terrible, as they were a very devoted couple. He has only his old age pension, and after paying rent, food, etc., it is not possible for him to exist. Although ninety he searches endlessly for work, but his age makes this impossible. We appeal to our readers for help for this very lonely but brave old man in the evening of his life.



Model 1525.

Finest fur felt sports hat with edge of brim bound. In all fashionable colours, 25/-.



*Henry Heath*  
105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St. N.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.





*Unwanted hair destroys popularity*

### Wonderstoen Dry-Method restores daintiness & charm

Dances, dinners, parties... everything comes to the woman with "glamour." And so many just miss being glamorous—because they fail to realize how men feel regarding unwanted hair. Be gay and sparkling, confident of your appeal. Use Bellin's WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method disc to ERASE unwanted hair and leave your skin hair-free, petal-soft. WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method is dainty, harmless and odourless; doctors have recommended it for over 30 years. It lasts months.

From all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

**WONDERSTOEN** Facial Size (for chin, cheeks, upper lip) 5/6  
**WONDERSTOEN** de Luxe Size (for arms and legs) 13/6

**FASCINATING BOOKLET FREE**



### BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only in white fine material, 19/6  
White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 38/6  
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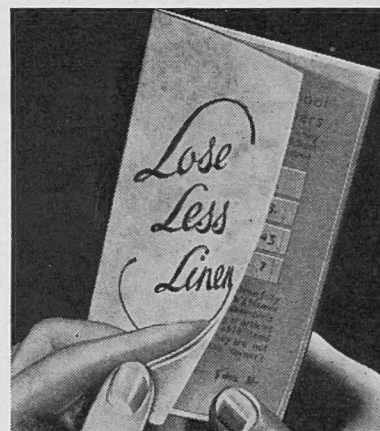
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